

Sports Illustrated

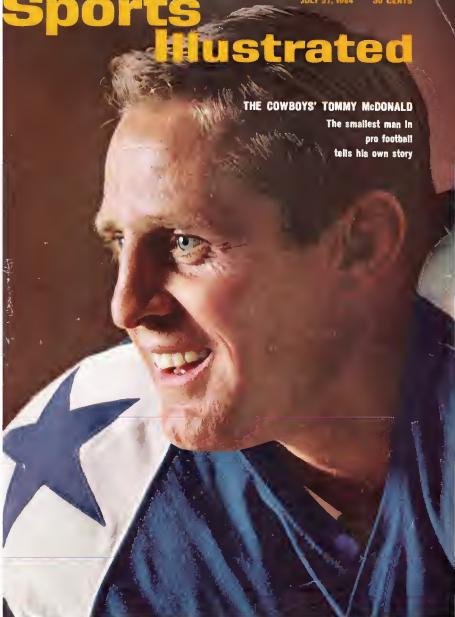
JULY 27, 1984

30 CENTS

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tells his own story

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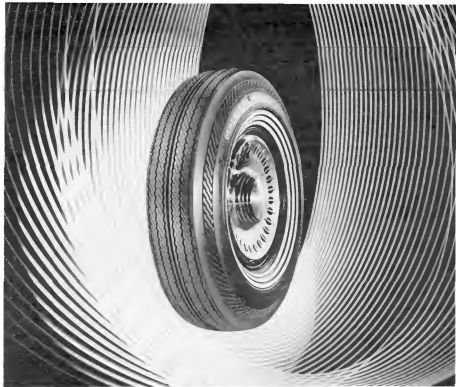
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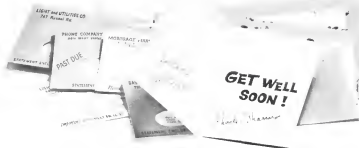
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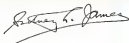
Next week

FAIRWAY WOOD SHOTS need not be the despair of women golfers. Betty Rawls, four-time U.S. Women's Open winner, gives surprising advice on these crucial clubs.

NEW YORK IS BUSH, at least according to San Francisco Columnist Charles Mc Cabe, who says the bush leagues used to be everything west of Hoboken, but not anymore.

U.S. AND U.S.S.R. track and field teams go at each other in Los Angeles in their annual dual meet. John Underwood reports on a significant preview of the Olympic Games.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



It was as long ago as last fall that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy seriously began to consider setting forth some urgent recommendations for strengthening—indeed, changing the very pattern of—amateur athletics in the U.S. He had talked to his brother, the late President, on several occasions about what he felt was the increasing loss of national prestige brought about by this country's failure to dominate world sports to the degree it once had. The events of last November led him to set all such matters aside, but by mid-summer, with the Olympic year preparations serving as a constant reminder, he sat down to outline his plan. By the July 4 weekend he was essentially satisfied with it.

Then, like many a nervous writer before him, he inquired if *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* might be interested in what he had to say. We were more than interested and, if our agreement with some of his contentions is not complete, our pleasure at presenting the article that begins on page 12 is considerable.

The Attorney General is new to us in the role of writer, but not in the role of reader or telephoner. He awakened Senior Editor Jack Olsen with a not really early phone call late last year to tell him how pleased he had been with our article in remembrance of Jack Kennedy (SI, Dec. 2, 1963), which Olsen had written. Olsen hung up before fully realizing whom he was talking to. And in April, Bobby called again. He was on his way to Boston to throw out the first ball of the season at Fenway Park, and he wondered if we had a photograph of his brother doing the same thing the year before in Washington. He figured somebody would ask him what he knew about first-ball throwing, and he would pull out the picture and say he had been studying up on the subject. We were glad to oblige.

Bobby Kennedy is hardly a new listing in the rolls of sports-minded Americans, the athletic proclivities of the Kennedys having become a legend. Thus, when we sent an editor—an out-of-shape one who hoped desperately he

would not be needed at fullback—to Hyannisport last Sunday morning to inquire briefly about Mr. Kennedy's present sporting interests and to be sure there were no last-minute thoughts about the article, the scene was predictable. The Attorney General had arisen at seven for a swim in Nantucket Sound, attended Mass, eaten breakfast and been through the New York and Boston papers. He had lingered, he said, over the story on the PGA Championship and noted that "golf and football are my favorite sports now. Byron White and I see the Redskins a couple of times a year, but I don't get to watch as much football as I would like." Minutes later he was watching some in his backyard, where his 8-year-old son David was catching forward passes being thrown by one of the Secret Service men assigned to Jacqueline Kennedy, who was also there. "Did you do any boxing today?" he asked the boy. David said he had—against the Secret Service. There had already been a touch football game, which was over. Some of the children—22 were at the compound—had been sailing. Ethel Kennedy and Jacqueline approached in swimming suits, and Bobby went with them for half an hour of water skiing. On shore again Ethel asked her husband if the afternoon tennis match had been arduous. He said it had, "You and I, and Pat [Mrs. Peter Lawford] and Dave Hackett." He turned to a guest and added, "Dave and I were at Milton Academy together. He was a great hockey player. Made the Olympic team." Children whizzed by on a motor scooter. Dogs whizzed by chasing the scooter. Plans were made for foot races. Written down, it sounds frantic, but actually it was quite serene. People were enjoying themselves on a summer Sunday morning, especially the Attorney General who was eminently at ease in the middle of it all. It was clear that he is a man who appreciates the subtleties of sport, and this adds substance to what he says when he addresses himself to the larger issues of athletics, as he has in his own story this week.

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SCORECARD

THE KENNEDY PLAN

The provocative plan offered by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy on page 12 is directed at improving United States performances in the Olympics. It is a big program—the scale on which America typically does things—and is certain to stir new discussions and appraisals of our athletic status.

The Kennedy plan calls for an increasing degree of Government and private-industry participation in athletics. It is a blueprint for reinforcing our international image.

We are in sympathy with much of what the Attorney General proposes. But we do have misgivings—for instance about the flexing of our athletic muscles as an adjunct to foreign policy to impress other nations. We would be reluctant to endorse Government direction of sport to the extent Mr. Kennedy recommends.

ENTER ADAMS' ARMY

Until last week no one had ever heard of Yates Adams outside of a few people who bought dental supplies around High Point, N.C. Now he has an army just like Arnie, Jack, Tony and Chi Chi. Adams' Army was born and fully mobilized during the Amateur Public Links golf championship in Minneapolis where the 6-foot-7 young man gawked, scrambled, fought and talked his way to the semifinals with a golf swing that most observers identified with a ferris wheel and a set of nine clubs that looked as if they had been stolen from an antique case at St. Andrews.

On his way to the semifinals Yates Adams assembled an army by swinging like a discus thrower and driving 280 yards; by creeping up to his putts and tapping them in without taking a stance; by defeating Defending Champion Bob Lunn 1 up ("Nobody told me he was the defending champion," said Adams); by explaining that he was so poor he had to buy golf balls one at a time; and by using clubs with loose shafts and worn grips that made a clinking sound when he swung. "I don't worry about pres-

sure," said Adams at one point. "I worry about my clubs."

By reaching the semifinals Yates Adams automatically qualified for a sectional round of the more sedate U.S. Amateur Championship in Cleveland in September. "I've never seen anything like him," said P. J. Boatwright Jr., assistant director of the USGA. "If he appears at Canterbury," said another USGA official, half joking, "golf may be set back 50 years."

Said Yates Adams, "If I can raise the money, I'll be there." So will his army.

GIANT, SPARE THAT BAT

After Houston Colt Nellie Fox got a game-winning, ninth-inning hit off Giant pitcher Gaylord Perry, the frustrated hurler did what many pitchers have always wanted to do. Perry stalked off the field, seized Fox's bat, walked to the San Francisco dugout with it and slammed it twice on the dugout steps, splitting it into two large and several small pieces.

Nellie Fox had had that bat since May and he had taken good care of it. "That bat had to have a lot more hits in it," Fox said as he kicked the watercooler in the Colts' clubhouse, "because I went 0 for 21 with it." He guessed he would just have to prepare a new bat—sandpaper it and work it with oil and pine tar until it got into shape.

But the Houston management was hardly so philosophical. It lodged a formal protest with Warren Giles, National League president, who ruled that the Giants would have to replace Nellie's bat, at the wholesale price of \$3.

"What Perry did," said Houston Manager Harry Craft, "was like going into your home and breaking your best set of dishes."

Losing to the Colts leads to violence. Besides the breaking of Nellie's bat, Fred Hutchinson once punched out every light in the Cincinnati dugout following a loss to Houston, and after his Phillies blew one to the Colts, Gene Mauch upturned a table of food, spilling chicken and barbecue sauce over a couple of players' business suits.

The Colts' maître de no longer serves barbecue to the Phillies, but it is hard to play ball without a pet bat.

DAM THE ELEPHANTS

Most every time the Army Engineers build a new dam the conservation interests damn the engineers; their feud has been a fine old American institution. But conservationists have now attacked with a fearsome new weapon: the reverse elephant joke. Sample—

Question: What is an elephant?

Answer: A mouse—built to Army Engineer specifications.

McVEA WENT THATAWAY

The college bounty hunters had been fascinated by the exploits of flashy Texas high school Halfback Warren McVea for years, and when he graduated last spring they were after him like a posse. All came armed with fancy football inducements, but the man who caught the most-wanted player last week was University of Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, fastest scholarship in the West.

Scouts had spotted the fleet (9.5 in the 100) McVea early at San Antonio's Brackenridge High. He scored 128



points as a sophomore, 148 as a junior and 315 as a senior—when he averaged a crushing 10.4 yards per carry. Oklahoma Assistant Coach Leon Cross scouted one game, saw McVea score six touchdowns against an opponent that had previously given up only 60 points in 10 games, and groaned, "I'd like to put him in the trunk of my car right now and head toward the Red River. But after seeing him play I know that

he would find some way to get out."

Missouri, through Coach Dan Devine, courted McVea by showing that Missouri's style puts more blockers ahead of the ball carrier than other teams. Southern California stressed the Trojans' success in football, baseball and track, three sports in which McVea excels (he also stars in basketball). Oklahoma outlined a special scholastic program with McVea's talents—and deficiencies—in mind. But Houston had the best offer of all.

He would play all his home games in Houston's new, domed, air-conditioned stadium. Coach Yeoman promised McVea the guarantee of perfect weather and a dry track.

Runner-up coaches who missed McVea were quick to point out that any school signing a player of that reputation would have to withstand an NCAA investigation into recruiting methods. But Houston appeared unworried, and back in the McVea household Warren's mother, Mrs. Mattie McVea, had words of sympathy for all. "I just wish," she said, "I could have a Warren McVea for all of them."

FREE VERSUS FREE

Pick an average night on television. Eight: adventures of a cowboy. Eighty-three: doctor. Nine: lawyer. Nine: nurse. Ten: psychiatrist. Eleven: news, horror movie and off to bed. All for free. Take, on the other hand, last Friday night in Los Angeles—the West Coast debut of pay-TV. Seven fifty-five on Channel B: *Dodgers vs. Cubs*, \$1.50. Eight on Channel A: *Spommo*, a Broadway play, \$1.50. Ten-thirty: *Upstarts at the Downtones*, a New York revue, \$1.50. Eight on Channel C: *Gon Ho*, a surfing spectacular, \$1. Nine-thirty: *The Ancient Egyptian*, a travelogue, 75¢.

The Dodgers beat the Cubs 3-2 that night, but the more important question of whether pay-TV beats regular TV is something that will not be decided for quite some time. The pay programming hardly seemed capable of luring thousands away from vintage Bela Lugosi.

There were only 2,500 sets in operation for the debut, a figure far short of the predicted 20,000 starting goal, and a figure that should worry the backers who say they need 80,000 subscriptions by spring to get into the black. Further, the jury is still out on how many sets were tuned in to the Dodgers, the obvious key to pay-TV's success. Those who did

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SCORECARD (continued)

see the game were no doubt delighted to miss the interruptions of deodorant and hair-ionic commercials. It may be that this luxury is worth \$1.50 an evening, and California has enough sweet-smelling people with well-groomed hair to think so. The gamble is on.

THE TRUE BLUEBIRD

The victory had that there-will-always-be-an-England flair. Critics above and down under had scorned Britain's Donald Campbell and his racer *Bluebird* in Australia. The runs had been on-again, off-again for more than a year. The few fans had long since left dry Lake Eyre. But Campbell broke the world land-speed record with a 403.1-mph dash last week and announced there will always be another go at it.

Campbell did it in a stiff-upper-lip fashion, too. His 4½-ton car spewed a seven-mile trail of rubber when the right rear tire failed. In beating the record of England's late John Cobb—394.196 mph—he missed the 407-mph mark set by jet-powered Craig Breedlove. Now Campbell is going after that one, too.

Bluebird designer Ken Norris revealed Britain has a revolutionary jet car in the works for future runs at Eyre. "We have a surprise," said Norris, "for Americans and anybody else."

HURRAH FOR OATBURNER U.

The care and upbringing of young race-horses has not changed in America for years, a condition that does not seem to unsettle most owners. The tradition has its critics, however, and one of them is moving to change it all. He is establishing the Dorchester Equine Preparatory School in November, says Florida racing figure Jack Price, and it will be to horses what Groton is to people.

First old thing to go will be the barns, says Price, whose Carry Back was a well-schooled winner of a few years ago. At Dorchester Prep in Ocala they will be called dormitories. The architect who will design them has never seen a barn, insists Price. "I didn't want his creativity messed up with a lot of archaic alleged knowledge about how a barn should be built." Further, the school will be expensive—about \$3,600 each a year for 40 selected weanlings—and keyed to the atomic age. Feeding and watering will be automated; reporting students will be wormed and must undergo exacting X-ray, chemical and psy-



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chological tests periodically. Schooling will be intense.

What will owners get for all this? They will know, says Headmaster Price, exactly how far their horse can go in its career. They will know if they have a potential Derby winner.

And failing all that, we assume, there is always that framed diploma to hang up on the old barn—uhh, dormitory wall.

THE BOTCH ON THE RHINE

They were watching for deer and foxes from their scaffold in the woods, so German hunters Adolf Jochem and Herbert Stampf were startled to see five men crawling at them through the underbrush. Furthermore, the five were armed, scruffy appearing and very probably poachers. "Put down your weapons and come out," cried Jochem and Stampf bravely—and they fired off a warning shotgun blast.

The five invaders began firing back and the next few minutes at little Oppenheim on the Rhine were furious. But the ground forces were handicapped because their guns were shooting blanks, the hunters were firing real buckshot. And when the smoke cleared, four of the intruders were pretty well peppered.

But we thought they were a field problem of the war games, explained the wounded G.I.s of 12th Engineer Battalion Company C—who had been disguised as civilian huns for their role as guerrilla aggressors. But we thought they were real criminals, explained Jochem and Stampf. We think this is ridiculous, said the U.S. Army, which withheld the names of the soldiers, carted three of them off to a field hospital and marched Adolf and Herbert into custody for poaching in forest territory reserved for maneuvers.

THEY SAID IT

• Lawrence Elkins, Baylor flanker back picked for *Playboy* magazine preseason All-America team: "Shoot, they gave me a li'l ol' trophy, kind of a statuette of a naked gal lying on her stomach and holding out a football. Ma wouldn't even let me bring it in the house."

• Birdie Tebbetts, recovering from a heart attack, on how he has it made when he returns to managing the Cleveland Indians full-time: "When I get back I expect the players to win every game—pressure might bother me—and I'll expect Gabe Paul [general manager] not to yell at me—it might excite me."

END



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A BOLD PROPOSAL FOR AMERICAN SPORT

The Attorney General, concerned by what he considers to be the decline of U.S. athletic prestige abroad, suggests a strong plan for revitalizing our amateur sports programs from the playground level to the Olympics

BY ROBERT F. KENNEDY

Part of a nation's prestige in the cold war is won in the Olympic Games. In this quadrennial conflict the U.S. has skidded steadily for 16 years. The record is there for all the world to see—and to note as proof of a decline in our once-acknowledged national energy.

It doesn't have to be that way.

A series of well-organized and well-financed programs—matching or bettering those of other countries—can restore the bright and gleaming Golden Age of Sports which gave us an inner glow of pride and enhanced the picture abroad of a young America bursting with vitality.

Americans never have regarded amateur athletics consciously as part of our national effort, but other countries do. Many will argue that a nation's energy is not accurately measured by Olympic status, that a better measurement would be the physical condition of all the populace—not just the stars. But in this day of international stalemates nations use the scoreboard of sports as a visible measuring stick to prove their superiority over the "soft and decadent" democratic way of life. It is thus in our national interest that we regain our Olympic superiority—that we once again give the world visible proof of our inner strength and vitality.

If there is any doubt about our decline in sports, let us examine the record:

- In the 1948 Olympics in London our athletes came home with a total of 82 medals, compared with 44 for Sweden, second nation in medal totals.
- Four years later in Helsinki, with the Soviet Union participating for the first time, we again led the field with 76 medals, but the Russians were a close second with 69.
- In Melbourne in 1956 we were knocked from the No. 1 position as Soviet athletes won 98 medals to our 74.

• The 1960 games in Rome saw the deterioration continue, with Russian athletes winning 103 medals to our 73.

Of course, the Olympic Games are dedicated traditionally to the efforts of individuals. No nation officially "wins" the Olympics, but inevitably a country's showing is totaled unofficially and comparisons are made of those totals. So, though a nation's standing in international athletics is not the chief factor in its prestige, it does affect the reputation of its society and culture. During a military or nuclear stalemate such as the world is now experiencing athletics can become an increasingly important factor in international relations.

There is widespread persistent belief that a definite relationship exists between athletic excellence and national strength. With the worldwide following for sports in these times, millions know which nations are winning. And, in addition, most sports fans are young people—the same young men and women who will be the world leaders of the '70s and '80s.

Now, how important is all this to us as a nation? No one seriously believes that a sports fan in a foreign country is likely to turn Communist because he is awed by athletes of Communist countries. Yet the success of Red-bloc countries in the Olympics and other international competitions has given these nations an appearance of strength.

What can we do about it? The answer is that we can do plenty about it. We can move ahead without delay to:

- 1) Develop a comprehensive, nationwide program to recruit and train athletic talent.
- 2) Begin a drive to preserve talent by keeping what could be called "athletic dropouts" active.
- 3) Bring about harmonious and effective leadership by sports organizations.

continued

- 4) Establish an independent foundation to encourage and finance amateur sports.
- 5) Start special programs for unfamiliar sports which have stirred little interest in the past.
- 6) Urge and support greater participation by women in amateur athletics.
- 7) Hold an annual national competition with local and regional tryouts in all Olympic events.
- 8) Have encouragement—with action as well as words—by government at all levels.

Most of these proposals have to do with developing high-caliber Olympic athletes. That such a concern is topmost in our minds in an Olympic year is understandable. But I do not mean that we should neglect the equally important task of encouraging all Americans—particularly our children—to be physically fit. Work such as that sponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness must go forward. But the broader effort for physical fitness can be stimulated by a nationwide athletic development program—indeed, they go hand in hand.

To be effective and meaningful, a development program must be large-scale and long-range, so that it reaches every region, state and community. It cannot be hit or miss. There must be expansion and improvement in recruiting,

facilities, coaching, incentives, equipment, administration and competitions. This program should not be restricted to existing organizations in amateur athletics but should include and invite industrial and other private groups.

Once this talent is developed, we should not waste it. We cannot afford to lose those outstanding athletes who compete until they leave school and then become athletic dropouts. Some of our Olympic stars, like Harold Connolly, Al Oerter and Ira Davis, have continued to participate after leaving college and are headed for their third Olympic Games, but they have done so on their own initiative. I am not suggesting that athletes should be paid. I am suggesting that employers allow time off for an athlete who is earning his way to train and compete. This practice is already tacitly accepted in many countries.

Harmony in the leadership of amateur sports is absolutely essential if we are to reach the top again. The bitter struggles in recent years between the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) and the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) have harmed our athletic programs and distracted energy and attention from the need for development efforts to match those of other countries.

As President Kennedy said in a news conference in December 1962, "Bickering between the two organizations is grossly unfair."

"There is no winner," he said, "but there are many losers—thousands of American amateur athletes, the American athletic community and the traditions of American sportsmanship."

President Kennedy was so concerned about the feud that he appointed General Douglas MacArthur to negotiate a truce. Both men realized that the future of amateur athletics was hardly being served in our country by a rancorous dispute between the two largest amateur sports organizations. General MacArthur called representatives of the two groups to his apartment in The Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York. Peace was elusive, however. The meeting threatened to end with a walkout by members of both groups.

"Gentlemen," the general sounded off in a command voice, "nobody walks out on the President of the United States!" The general reminded the men that they really represented the country—not their respective organizations or themselves. They stayed at the conference table and, 90 minutes later, under MacArthur's goading, finally accepted his terms, which brought a truce between the AAU and the NCAA until after the 1964 Olympics.

Thanks to such efforts, calmer heads in both groups seem to have realized that fighting is futile, because both are here to stay. Other amateur groups representing the smaller colleges, the high schools and the 17 Olympic sports for which the AAU is not the recognized national organization are also weary of the dispute between the AAU and the NCAA. The time for combat between these groups has permanently passed.

All athletic groups now have a chance to get behind a national amateur sports development foundation. This proposed foundation, free of factional warfare, should help in



Timed skis, Kennedy will guarantee athletic truce before lifts open

bringing about the caliber of leadership which is needed so urgently. President Johnson recently gave his approval to such a foundation after a meeting on June 12 in the White House with Lieut. General James Gavin (ret.), former Ambassador to France. General Gavin is now working on a proposed organization to show the President, the first step toward making the foundation a reality.

The foundation would be nongovernmental, with funds coming primarily from private contributions. Management would come from a board of distinguished citizens. It would be independent of any amateur athletic organizations but prepared to work closely with them. As understanding and willing partners, all will be working for the same goals.

Hopefully, interest in athletics in this country can be broadened to include some of the so-called nonindigenous sports. Cycling, canoeing, judo, soccer, luge, Nordic skiing and gymnastics are just a few examples. In the Olympics a medal in these sports counts just as much as one in basketball or the 100-meter dash. Such sports, alien and unfamiliar as they may be, must find some participants in our country. Other countries have taken up sports identified with us—baseball, basketball and volleyball, for instance—with success. We need to interest young people in unfamiliar sports or concede further slippage in international competitions.

It should not be necessary to have to encourage women to participate in sports. As a world leader in the emancipation of women, and with women playing an increasingly important role in national life, our country should have more women athletes winning in the Olympics. Babe Didrikson was an athlete of rare ability and courage. We may never see her like again, but let us hope more young women—as Wilma Rudolph did—will strive to follow in her footsteps.

The establishment of a kind of national Olympics, except perhaps during the Olympic years, would provide the competition necessary to keep our athletes in competitive condition. These games, an idea advocated by Robert Kane, athletic director at Cornell, could even be preceded by state or regional eliminations. The cost of these tournaments could be underwritten by the proposed foundation and might even produce a profit as popular gate attractions.

A sympathetic government at all levels would help to encourage overall effort. While participation in amateur athletics is up to individuals and private groups, cooperative governments can ease the way. President Kennedy recognized this in his executive order of August 14, 1963, creating an interagency committee on international athletics to study amateur athletics and their effect on foreign relations. The committee has membership from the departments of State, Defense, Justice, Interior, the Council on Physical Fitness, the Peace Corps and the United States Information Agency. Heading the committee in the State Department is Nick Rodas, former University of Connecticut coach in football, baseball and basketball.

President Johnson, in every respect, has carried forward President Kennedy's concern for amateur athletics. His

early meeting with General Gavin indicates his eagerness to get moving on a program to help amateur athletes and the organizations behind them.

Naturally, the mere establishment of committees does not solve a national problem. Still, all these groups can now concentrate their efforts on improving the situation.

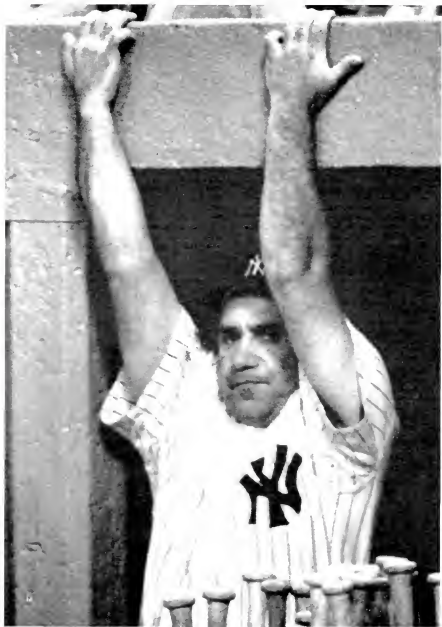
It may seem that our downhill trend since the 1948 Games is contradicted by the performances and prospects of the excellent athletes who are trying out for the 1964 U.S. Olympic team. Without doubt, with new young stars available like Bob Hayes of Florida A & M, the sprinter, and Tom O'Hara, the miler from Loyola of Chicago, and Fred Hansen, the Texan from Rice who has pole-vaulted more than 17 feet, the American team will be more proficient than ever before. But as outstanding as these men and their fellow competitors are, the fact is that the athletes of other countries are catching up—and then some—while we have done very little toward developing and promoting proficiency among our young potential athletes or toward encouraging a strong and meaningful athletic program.

Our task is to arouse interest in this problem. Then we need action to develop the great potential that we have in this country and to reverse a trend that we have avoided facing for so long.

END



James Watson, 32, 2005 tennis coach, and his wife Ethel on a beach.



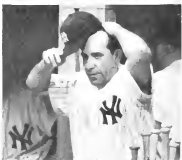
CLIFFHANGER FOR YOGI AND CRUCIAL FOR JULY

By turns pensive, puzzled and authoritative, the Yankee boss endures the most important series of his managerial career **by FRANK DEFORD**

Crucial series, like Christmas advertising and gin and tonics, seem to get started earlier every year. And despite the scheduled evidence of almost half a season still to go, last week's three-game series between the Yankees and Orioles was as bona fide crucial as the month of July has ever produced.

To begin with, the American League seems blessed with that happy rarity, a real pennant race. Of course the American League has been visited with mirages in July before, but these particular Orioles look more substantial, somehow. Contributing further to the atmosphere of cruciality was the knowledge that the two league leaders would meet in only two more series all year. They will be completely through with each other seven weeks before the season ends. And the White Sox—the third team in the race—play their last games with the other two contenders in August also. The American League would

continued



have scheduled Halley's Comet at high noon.

Actually, any Baltimore-New York series has taken on distinction in recent years, for the Orioles are the only team in the league even remotely approaching the status of a Yankee nemesis. Since 1959 the Orioles have been 54-55 with the Yankees, and no other team is close to that record. Even during two second-division seasons, they continued to give the Yankees a hard time while being tough on hardly anybody else. This year, although they lost two of the three games last week, they still lead the Yankees 6-5, and the play has been typically tight. Until the Orioles beat the Yankees 6-1 on Thursday, no game had been decided by more than three runs—and half of them by one. Each team had scored 36 runs.

Though others have recognized Baltimore's special talent for staying with the Yankees, the oddsmakers are apparently not ready to concede. They have established New York the favorite in every game the two teams have played this season, making the Orioles the juiciest overlay around. The fans, however, who know a good series when they see it coming, turned out 100,000 strong at Yankee Stadium for last week's three games. This was far beyond Yankee expectations; indeed, it was beginning to appear doubtful that anything could bring people back from the sideshow the Mets are putting on out by the World's Fair. ("Hurry, hurry, hurry! See the passed balls! See the players collide! See the man pitch an absolutely perfect game! See the teams play 23 innings!") Last week's crowds were even more impressive than the numbers indicate. The series took place in the middle of the week in competition with the Republican Convention (free) on TV. Only one of the games was at night; one was in the afternoon, the last a 6 o'clock Suburban Night game. The night game attracted 25% of the TV audience, rated as high as 20.8 and far outdrew Huntley-Brinkley.

At Yankee Stadium everything seemed Octoberish except the humidity. The play was outstanding, the fans tremendously excited and the players tense. Yankee Third Baseman Clete Boyer said he did not recall his team being so keyed up in three years. A few Baltimore banners were unfurled in the stands, and, though every visiting team in New York attracts Yankee-haters of its own, sup-

port for the Orioles was unusually large. When the P.A. announcer began a ticket pitch, "The league-leading Orioles . . ." the loud cheers and boos suggested that he had *named* Baltimore to lead the league. The press box was more crowded than usual and included a group that came up from Philadelphia to examine the team the Phillies would play in the fall. When the Phillies lost their sixth of seven games on Wednesday, the Philadelphia fans promptly returned home.

Mutual admiration

One good indication of the present Yankee-Oriole status is the fact that the players refuse to say anything complimentary about each other. This is the result of the new sporting philosophy that if you do say something negative about the opposition, the rival manager or coach will read it in the paper, put the clipping on the clubhouse wall and thus turn his indifferent forces into ventable tigers. In Baltimore last month, after the Orioles beat the Yankees, a Baltimore sportswriter overheard Elston Howard mutter, "Those lucky so-and-sos." Publication of the remark caused almost as much consternation among the Yankees as losing the game. Yankee Manager Yogi Berra just winces and smiles when asked to comment about the occasionally caustic Baltimore fans. When a reporter asked Oriole Manager Hank Bauer if he thought the Yankees had choked after a loss, Bauer gulped and then suggested that the young man go down to the Yankee clubhouse and ask them and "see what they do to you."

The Orioles are particularly respectful of the Yankees because their leaders—President Lee MacPhail, Bauer and Coaches Billy Hunter and Gene Woodling—are all ex-Yankees. Presumably this came about on the theory that if you can't beat 'em, get 'em to join you, and it does provide an added fillip to the competition.

Though Yogi Berra is already thinking ahead to the crucial August series with the Orioles and White Sox, last week's series was his most important yet as a manager, and he prepared for it even more than Bauer did. The Oriole manager refused to upset his pitching rotation, but Berra held out Left-hander Al Downing for an extra day so that he could start the first game against the Orioles. Berra has managed so far mostly by the book. Bauer himself says, "He

looks like he goes by the percentages, the same as most of us." But Yogi is his own man. "I don't know if I am patterning myself after anybody—Sengels or Houk or anybody. I'm just myself," he says. "Ralph never interferes. He just told me what to expect and left me alone. He told me, 'You're going to see a lot of things a little different than before.' You know, like I can't hang around with the players anymore. Oh, maybe just breakfast or something like that."

The Yankee players think Berra has done a good job in getting the most out of each of them. "Houk would make you feel like a million with just a pat on the back," Infielder Phil Linz says. "Yogi will joke with you and get the same result." Berra is basically an extremely friendly person and has hardly changed just because he has his own office and only eats breakfast with the players.

He has long been pictured as a comedian, however, and that he is not. This funnyman image derives largely from his stubby, fireplug physique, his Goldwynish conflicts with grammar and his boyhood chum, Joe Garagiola, Berra's self-appointed Boswell. It is Garagiola who is the comic. He and Berra appeared together recently on the *Tonight* show, and Garagiola asked Berra to tell a few stories about the old times. Berra would start, talking casually and pleasantly. Then Garagiola would interrupt and tell the story his way, mostly about Berra—and boffo, all kinds of laughs. A lot of people undoubtedly turned off their sets and went to bed saying, "What a funny man that Yogi Berra is." People now are conditioned to mistake for wit what is no more than Berra's genuine warmth. He is fun, rather than funny.

He is also no dummy. Coach Jimmy Gleason has known Berra for 20 years. "When he puts these on," Gleason says, tapping his spikes with a fungo bat, "he becomes a very smart boy." Berra's catching experience has, of course, made him particularly adept at handling his pitchers, but he has also manipulated his bench well in the face of injuries and slumps. He has not altered established Yankee strategy, being smart enough not to argue with past Yankee success. But the team has failed to hit with its customary power this year so Berra has compensated by turning the

Yankees loose on the bases. Against the Orioles, the Yankees managed only 15 singles and one double. It was base running—and particularly the uncertain legs of Mickey Mantle—that became the most important part of the New York offense.

In the opening game, after Bob Johnson's record sixth straight pinch hit for Baltimore had tied the score 3-3 in the seventh, Mantle singled with one out in the eighth. Berra lets Mantle run on his own, and when the count went to two and two on Roger Maris, Mantle broke. Maris hit a grounder to second, but Mantle already had eliminated any double-play opportunity. He then scored the winning run when Tom Tresh blooped a single to right.

Still to come, however, was what Berra called "the most exciting inning of the season," when the Orioles fouled the bases in the ninth. Yogi went out to talk to Downing once but stuck with him, and left-handed-hitting Norm Siebern fled out to end the game. Suppose, someone later asked a right-hander had been up instead of Siebern. Would Yogi have taken Downing out? Berra looked up from his chair. He was sitting there, arms akimbo—one of his favorite managerial poses. "Might have," he said. Then, smiling, he pointed a finger at the reporter. He does not wag fingers. He just points them. "That didn't come up, though." Everybody laughed.

The next day Mantle opened the second inning with a single. Tresh walked. On the first pitch to Elston Howard, Mantle took off, beating the throw to third by a hair. He and Tresh then scored the game's only runs when Joe Pepitone singled. Mantle tried the steal because he thought the Orioles would be surprised (they were) and also because he was trying to avoid a double play. The Orioles made seven in the last two games during a series of spectacular fielding. Third Baseman Brooks Robinson was the Orioles' star infield, and Yankee Shortstop Tony Kubek saved Whitey Ford's second-game shutout with four outstanding plays. Second Baseman Bobby Richardson, who should know, said bluntly that it was the best game Kubek ever played. This in spite of the fact that the Yankee Stadium infield was brick-hard—except for a soggy half moon in front of the plate that was heavily watered to slow up any grounders coming off Ford's sinking pitches.

Because Whitey is doubling as the team's pitching coach this year there was a great deal of preseason speculation about a conflict of interest between Pitcher Ford and Coach Ford—and further, where did Manager Berra fit in here? The answers were neatly provided last week when Ford's hip started hurting whenever he threw a curve. He held on until, with two out in the ninth and a man on first, he called for Berra. Boog Powell was the Baltimore hitter, and he had, incidentally, poled a Ford pitch far into the upper deck only a few feet foul his first time up. Ford suggested that Berra relieve him with Steve Hamilton. Berra mused over Coach Ford's suggestion, then vetoed it. "Throw him sliders but keep them outside," he told Pitcher Ford. Powell hit the second slider to Richardson, and the Yankees were briefly back in first place. (Hamilton relieved the next evening and was bombed.)

The Orioles returned to first and to Baltimore the next night after Steve Barber pitched a four-hitter and hit the only home run of the series. The Oriole victory provided, as much as possible, a satisfactory series for all concerned: the home team won two of three, the visitors won the last game just when everyone was ready to write them off—and the pennant race too. Both teams then went

into a three-week campaign against assorted also-rans before they meet again on August 7 back at Yankee Stadium. The Yankees are already pushing tickets for that set. It will include the Old Timers Day Game that will feature, among other things, Yogi Berra and Hank Bauer wearing Yankee uniforms and playing on the same team.

Remembering the lessons of history—and admitting the possibility of another mirage—it is conceivable that the Yankees will have started to run away with things by then. It is also possible that Chicago, profiting from the addition of Moose Skowron, will have replaced Baltimore as the other top contender. But the August series will still be a dandy, because when the Orioles and Yankees play each other they play only one kind of baseball: superb.

After the second game, after Ford had shut out the Orioles, the reporters were clustered about Hank Bauer. There was very little to say, so finally someone suggested that Bauer ask a question himself. He was thinking mostly about Tony Kubek, but what he said was surely an appreciation of the brilliance shown in the field by all the Yankees and all the Orioles in this series. "Why," Hank Bauer asked, "did Doubleday put those fielders where they're at?"

END



Despite Yankee-Oriole rivalry, Yogi can still kid with old Yankee teammate Hank Bauer.

BIG DRAW IN A LITTLE STATE

The first U.S. lottery in 72 years will enrich New Hampshire and dozens of lucky ticket holders and promises to start a nationwide sweepstakes trend **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

The distraught young lady at right, Miss Elizabeth Emerson, has just goofed up—only slightly—the first drawing of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, first legal lottery in the U.S. since 1892. Moments before, the name of Northern Dancer had been drawn from a drum containing the names of 332 horses nominated for the race, and the crowd in attendance at Rockingham Park let out a yell. The lucky holder of a ticket on the horse that wins the race on September 12—and how could you do better than Northern Dancer?—will receive \$100,000. So Miss Emerson reached into the large Plexiglas drum to draw out the ticket to be matched with Northern Dancer, and she inadvertently drew two tickets instead.

No lasting damage was done, fortunately, except perhaps to the unknown holders of the two tickets. Their tickets were put back, the drum was rotated and Miss New Hampshire tried again. She drew the ticket belonging to Freda Gardner, a 53-year-old grandmother from Seattle, and the crisis was over. All around the country, however, other things were stirring as the ceremony revealed that the lottery is making money hand over fist for the state, with the end nowhere in sight. The sale began last March (SI, March 30), and about a million tickets, or \$3 million worth, have now been sold. By the end of this month the New Hampshire lottery will be well on its way toward \$4 million. Among the spectators at the drawing was a distinguished member of the state senate of Kentucky, watching the proceedings with the thoughtful air of a man figuring out how much it will cost him to start a store like this in his state. Long-dormant lottery projects in other states—Rhode Island, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Vermont have all considered them—came to life. New York's ambitious plan for off-track betting parlors, complete with cocktails and televised races, was revived.

Even if competitors appear in other states it is going to take time to catch up with New Hampshire. If the big race goes the way the Sweepstakes Commission expects, their pioneering event will be a national institution before other lotteries are started. The commission expects such horses as Quadrangle and Roman Brother—the race is for 3-year-olds—to compete against Northern Dancer at a mile and three-sixteenths for a purse of \$150,000.

At least at drawing two tickets instead of one, Miss New Hampshire leans against drum holding a million tickets for September 12 Rockingham race.



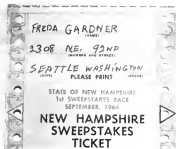


or so, and also expects the holders of tickets to be following the race with the intense interest natural to those who have a chance to collect \$100,000 for \$3.

Last week's drawing was merely for the first million dollars' worth of tickets, those sold up to May 29. Other drawings will occur after the ticket sales end late in August or early in September. For each million dollars' worth of tickets sold, one first prize of \$100,000 will be awarded to the holder of the ticket on the winning horse, one of \$50,000 for the holder of each ticket on the horse finishing second and \$25,000 for third, with the holders of tickets on other starting horses sharing a pool of \$60,000. Another pool of \$65,000 will be divided among the holders of tickets on horses that do not start, paying off approximately \$200 apiece. All sold, from 30% to 40% of everything taken in goes for prizes. The Federal Government takes 10%, another 10% goes for administration and the remainder goes to the New Hampshire public schools.

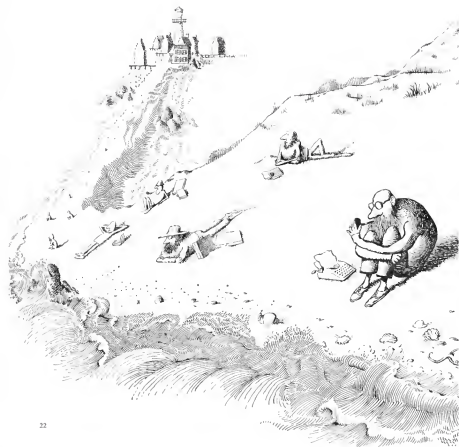
In addition to her minor goof, Miss Emerson produced some surprises. Though the tickets were as vagrant as leaves in a wind-storm, tumbling and falling in the drum and sometimes sticking to the Plexiglas, she drew two belonging to one person, a quarry operator named Martin Zayachek of Glens Falls, N.Y. He thus got Golden Needles and Gallant Leader, neither likely to start in the race. As for the lucky Mrs. Gardner, she had this to say when she heard the news in Seattle: "I've always been crazy about horse racing, but I've never won much. Both my husband and I like to play long shots." She is the wife of a Seattle shipwright and works as a statistical clerk for the telephone company. She shares her ticket with her office mate, Mrs. Margaret Rider, each having put up \$1.50. They sent the money to a friend in New Hampshire to buy the ticket. Mrs. Rider has never won any money on a horse race before. END

The Northern Dancer ticket that cost \$3 and may be worth \$100,000 to its owners is the property of two Seattle telephone company statistical clerks



By THE SEA, by THE BEAUTIFUL SEA

Drawings from life on the fringe of America's oceans by Arnold Roth

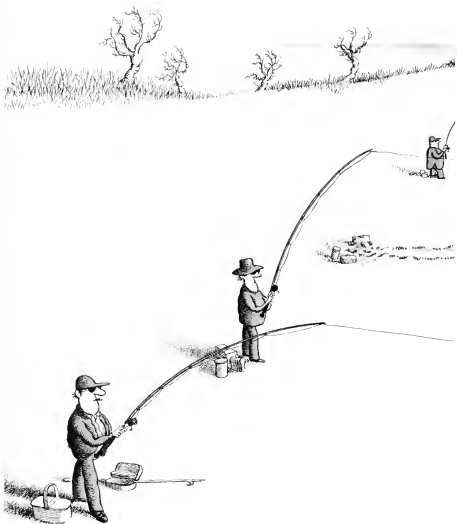


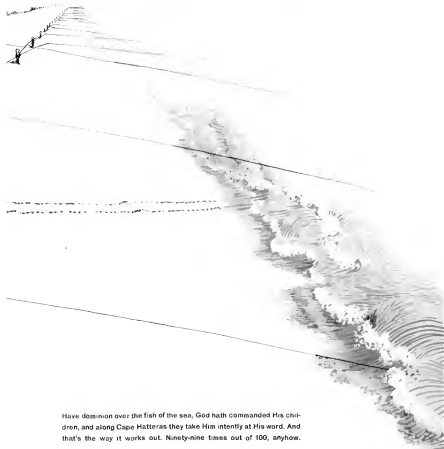


What concerns American man while reposing beside Swinburne's "great sweet mother, mother and lover of men, the sea"? Beside Miami's Atlantic the great waxings and wanings of the Dow-Jones average are what matter most.



"An ocean is forever asking questions and writing them aloud along the shore," said Edwin Arlington Robinson. On Cape Cod, as they have been doing since Emerson passed by, people are still trying to come up with the answers.

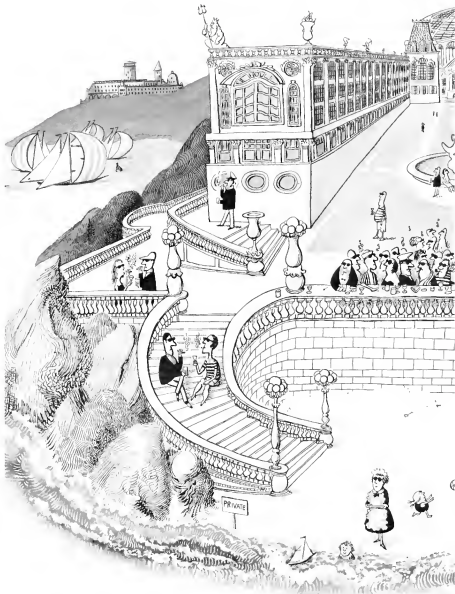




Have dominion over the fish of the sea, God hath commanded His children, and along Cape Hatteras they take Him intently at His word. And that's the way it works out. Ninety-nine times out of 100, anyhow.

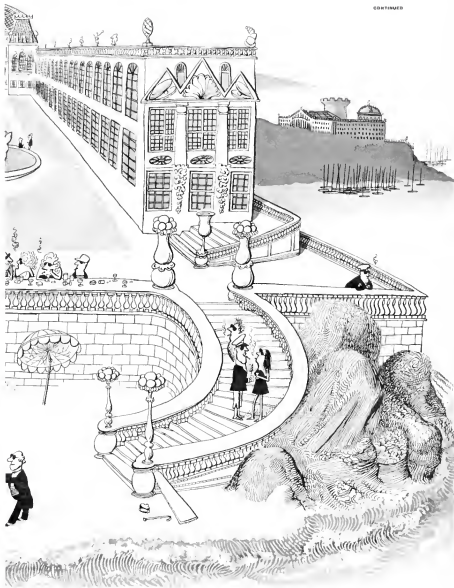
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The poor man in his boat, Horace noted, gets as sick as the rich man on his yacht! Which may explain the



oceangoing mansions in Newport, R.I. Aboard one of these a party guest can have his cake — and eat it, too.

CONTINUED



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer," Thoreau concluded. What made sense for Henry at Walden Pond is just as apt for Polly at Point Dume, Calif.



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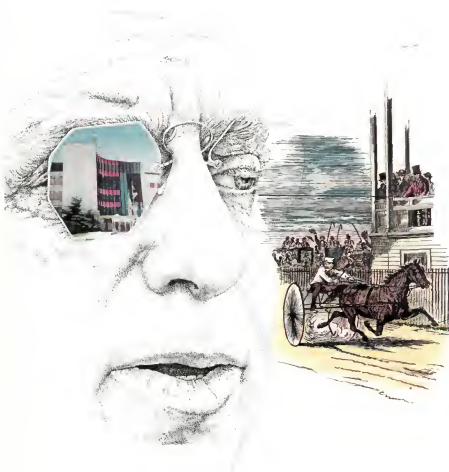


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On the rolling estates of Old Westbury, Long Island the homes are solid and so is the money. Both are set well back from the road, behind scrolled ironwork, and at night the scene is mostly sedate, with soft lights on the well-tended lawns and Lincolns. Mostly, but not entirely. Behind the white picket fence over at No. 8 Old Westbury Road—that's the George Morton Levy place—the yard is festooned with high-power spotlights that flare up every night after the old man comes home from the racetrack. He had the lights installed to frighten off burglars. Mr. Levy solemnly told Mrs. Levy, and she believed him—"Ah, how naive I used to be," she says—until that first night he lit up the whole place and got out his golf bag and a bucket of balls. Now on clear Long Island nights there is an occasional shattering of glass at the estate next door, and neighbor Joel Jayson will awaken and murmur to his wife, "Well, old man Levy is hitting them pretty good over there tonight. He's knocking out our downstairs windows again."

The distance from Levy's back stoop to the Jayson windows is a couple of hundred yards over the high elms and natural rough that divide their property, and no sincere Old Westburian would ever complain about such a shot at any hour, so Jayson doesn't mention it. But he keeps a standing account with the town glazier and sends the window bills to Mrs. Levy. Everybody along the road is particularly fond of neighbor Levy—they point him out like a Long Island historical monument—and they will say that if anyone has the right to relax by hitting a few old golf balls at night, why, he has after what he's been through. And if the name doesn't stir an immediate response, one neighbor will say, "Don't you remember? He is George Morton Levy of Roosevelt Raceway. There was all that trouble, remember? The stories about gangsters. Lucky Luciano and Frank Costello. The Kefauver investigation, remember?" Levy was around so many years ago that a lot of people think he is dead. It is a little like going to a baseball game and having someone say, "Why, there's old Abner Doubleday." But there he is: old George Morton Levy.

In Old Westbury, (there is a new Westbury but the lots are considerably smaller and more suited to, say, wedge shots) the old man stirs the special tender regard that people show, not to a celebrity, but to the survivor of a hurricane. His continued

IF IT MOVES, SAID GEORGE, THEY'LL BET ON IT

by BOB OTTUM

That conviction was the vital element in George Morton Levy's dream of staging harness races at night, and it transformed the country pastime of his youth into a major sport. The open stands, shown by Artist Ed Kasper in his interpretive portrait of Levy (opposite), became Roosevelt Raceway, the plush citadel of trotting reflected in Levy's eyeglass. A betting man all his hectic life, Levy almost lost this biggest gamble because of a famous telecast



DISPLAYING TWO HALLMARKS, cigar and short-sleeved shirt, Levy relaxes in the den of his 160-year-old home in Old Westbury with his wife, daughter CeCe, 11, and son Robert, 7.

friends see Levy as the lone patriarch of a sporting enterprise that consumes men early in life. That isn't enough for his business associates; they regard him as the Jewish Brigham Young of American harness racing, who led the sport out of the wilderness into the Zion of milk and pars-mutuel honey.

This season Levy's Roosevelt Raceway, which is the citadel of U.S. trotting, completes its 25th year in the glow of success. It is the biggest enterprise of its kind in the sport. The attendance for the year will be more than three million, and the betting handle will total some \$252 million—both records for trotting tracks. New York State, which once regarded the Roosevelt operation with open hostility, will accept without a twinge of conscience more than \$27 million as its share of the activities. Every evening but Sunday through August and September an average of 25,000 people will arrive about sundown at the field from which Lindbergh once took off for Paris, bringing money to the pastel-tinted structure that dominates the Hempstead Plain like an 11-story block of architectural Neapolitan ice cream. (George Levy will be watching them arrive from a tiny, specially built aerie tucked into a niche near the roof. The sight never fails to stimulate him.) They will bet at an array of 362 mutual windows, dine in four restaurants, drink in 16 bars. The hidden speakers will play—softly, subliminally—music to handicap by. About midpoint each evening, when things might otherwise drag, the tapes will get to the *Jersey Bounce* and *Strings of Pearls*, pumping a subconscious free-spending mood back into the air. For those who cannot stand the sight of live horses pulling those little wagons with the bicycle wheels, the whole proceeding will be closed-circuit telecast and simultaneously flashed on monitors in the lounges and lobbies—every place but in the toilets and elevators. The horses will trot—in that wonderful, high-stepping gait—and the money will roll in.

All this is Levy's doing. He did not invent harness racing; he found it where it had always been in the years before 1940—a country-town sport—and redesigned it on his personal theory that if a thing is exciting, if it happens at night and if it moves, New Yorkers will bet on it. It took him a quarter of a century, all the money he had

continued



You may serve the Schlitz when ready, Gridley!

[Or, how Admiral Dewey's men "spliced the main brace" at Manila Bay]

Only seven hours after Admiral Dewey said "you may fire when ready, Gridley," the enemy hoisted the white flag of surrender over Manila Bay.

But those seven hours of continuous bombardment—plus a daily diet of salt beef—were enough to raise a mighty thirst in any man's navy.

So when the Jos. Schlitz Brewing

Co. promptly sent a shipload of free beer to the Philippines—two bottles for every man jack in Dewey's command—the Admiral himself wrote a warm letter of thanks to Milwaukee. (The best piece of fan mail we got that year!)

"Splice the main brace," by the way, is a nautical term. Freely translated it means: "Drink up—with gusto." Need we say more?

Schlitz—the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous... simply because it tastes so good.



and all he could wheedle from friends to do it.

Now that night harness racing has rounded the turn toward status and become a sporting bonanza and George Morton Levy is honored for making it so, his friends are paying him the tribute he does not really need. They have already begun to edit his career, trimming out the bad parts and building up the good—creating the image of a man too good to be true.

"Oh sure, George once defended Lucky Luciano on that white slavery thing and Luciano was later deported," a close associate of Levy says. "And, sure, he once paid Frank Costello \$60,000, and Costello later told Senator Estes Kefauver's committee, 'I don't think I did a damn thing' [for the money]. But all that was a long, long time ago."

It was, indeed, a long time ago, and Levy now has the historical edge by having outlived most of his enemies and converted the survivors. Nowadays he is mellow about the past, "I would do it all over again," he says. "I have been, in my time, maligned, attacked, called a companion of gangland elements, a crook by innuendo—I was cleared of the charges in writing, incidentally—and sometimes it all seemed more than a man could bear. But the truth will out; it has in my case, and now I can leave my children the finest thing of all, a thing more important than any money I will leave behind. I will leave them a good name." (Levy has three children, George Jr., 42, by his second wife, and CeCe, 11, and Robert, 7, by his present, fourth wife.)

Speaking this way, punctuating each sentence with little jabs of his cigar, Levy is at his best—a fighter ready to fight again. He is about 5 feet 5½ drawn up to his indignant height (about three-quarters of an inch shorter when he relaxes), and most of the time he looks somewhat like James Cagney playing Admiral Bull Halsey in *The Gullfoot Hovers*. His hair is white, wavy and perted slightly off center. He wears rimless, octagonal glasses, and his suit is always cigar ashes on rumpled blue serge. He is 73, 74, 75, 76 or 77 years old, estimates varying with everybody who has a run at guessing his age, and when his golfing pals say they are going to use mysterious legal means to find out just what the exact year is, Levy will growl

joyfully, "The hell you will. Nobody will ever find out."

But constitutionally Levy is somewhere around 40 years old, with just enough of a paunch to keep his pants up when his suspenders are down. This is his standard Sunday morning appearance while playing baseball with Robert and CeCe on the 5½-acre estate. "Daddy, your pants are falling down," CeCe will scream, and Levy will say with quiet dignity, "That is just to distract you; you'll note that I just pitched a strike. Now pay attention to the game." Sunday is family day at the Levys'; breakfast is always pancakes and ham, and it is always served all morning to anyone who drops in. A great many people do—"my wife has about 50 relatives, and even a few strangers come by," says Levy—and they fill up the yard, the swimming pool and the 160-year-old house. In the afternoon Levy sits in his den and watches baseball on the monster color television set. When the game is in black and white it always appears slightly out of focus to everyone else—but it always looks sharp to Levy, and most people in the den are too polite to mention it.

An Old Westbury front-lawn baseball player now, Levy was born across the island at Seaford and grew up intent on becoming a professional. He played so well at Freeport High School—he was a 115-pound shortstop and football quarterback—that he refused to graduate with his class in 1905, explaining to his somewhat stunned parents that he was too young for the rigors of college. "Actually," says Levy with the trace of a smile, "we had a pretty good team going. We were just reaching our peak and I hated to leave them. We were undefeated in my . . . uh, post-graduate year. As I recall, you needed 40 points to graduate from high school. I think I had something like 80 points when they finally threw me out."

At NYU law school, Levy masterminded the Great Baseball Hoax of Rensselaer Tech, becoming one of the few figures in American sports today to happily admit throwing a ball game. "They wouldn't let me on the varsity at New York University because I had been playing semipro ball," says Levy. "You know, \$10 for playing on Saturday and \$15 for Sunday games, and it was con-

sidered pretty good money in those days. So I got up this team of budding young lawyers at NYU, and we played here and there. We were not exactly outstanding. In fact, as I remember, we lost to everybody. So by the time I signed us to play Rensselaer Tech in upstate I was pretty mad; I didn't tell the other fellas, and I took some semipro players up there with me instead. They may not have looked too much like law students, I'll admit, but they sure as hell could play ball. And by the eighth inning we were murdering Rensselaer, but I could feel something was wrong. Maybe it was my legal instinct, but I was sure they were on to us, and there was a sort of lynching atmosphere in the air. So we threw the game in the ninth inning. You know—wild throws and fumbles and things of that sort."

Playing Captain Levy and team managed to make it unslashed out of town, but word got back to NYU, where Levy was called in for consultation with the dean. Was it true, he was asked, that everybody in that game was a ringer? Levy had a reputation for rock-ribbed honesty, and he looked the dean in the eyes and said, "No, sir." He was excused and the incident considered closed.

"But it was a couple of days later," Levy recalls, "that I met the dean again—informally—and he asked me the key question. 'Levy,' he said, 'how many on the team were ringers?' And I told him: 'Only eight, sir.'" On such fine points are legal careers launched. Levy was graduated at 20 and, after passing state bar exams one year later, began a law practice in Freeport. It brought him up abruptly as a boy wonder. One day in 1912 he closed up shop for lunch, put a sign on the door that read, "Back at one o'clock," and returned to find that someone had scrawled under it, "What for?"

"Eventually," Levy says, "my strong suit proved to be criminal law." He pronounces it "lawr," a characteristic of certain Long Islanders, and it has thrown many a legal opponent off stride with the tactical mistake of regarding Levy as a small-island bumptkin. Clients in those days ran to accused murderers (Levy won some acquaintances that gained him nationwide attention), accused bootleggers, gamblers and a slasher or two. The Levy courtroom manner was deceptively quiet but biting, with minute

continued



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attention to the details that win cases. In one historic Long Island case Levy cleared out an entire jailhouse of confiscated bootleg whiskey by referring to it in an injunction as "bottles with contents" and getting the shipment returned to its owner. When the judge, too late, heard about it, his roar could be heard over most of that end of the Island.

By the early 1930s the Levy name was something of an eastern seaboard legend. He happily took on the entire state of New York and most of suburban Long Island in a protracted legal engagement known as "that Mineola dog-track ruckus," which he finally won. He was making "oh, \$20,000 to \$25,000 a year," and in one case beat Broadway Producer David Belasco so soundly that Belasco offered him exactly double the figure to be his personal, exclusive attorney. "I turned him down," Levy says now, "because I don't feel any attorney should represent one concern or one man exclusively. You lose sight of the overall majesty of the law. And you do not have nearly as much fun." Levy's well-known command of speech and his belief in the brotherhood of man also put him in demand as an after-dinner and after-funeral speaker. One of his clients, a retired sea captain named Charlie Johnson who had operated a small hotel in Freeport, insisted that Levy conduct his funeral rites, administer the estate and personally scatter his, Johnson's, ashes in the Atlantic Ocean.

"I did all those things," Levy recalls. "And I'll never forget—on the day after the funeral rites—when I set out to fulfill Johnson's last request. I had his ashes with me, in a little container, and I rented a motorboat and headed out to sea. It was cold that day, terribly cold, and by the time we got as far as the inlet I stopped the boat and scattered his ashes right there. I made a kind of chattering apology to God and Johnson that I could go no further.

"They were colorful days," Levy says now. "Long Island was in a turmoil of growth; things were on the move. There was even a Freeport chapter of the Ku Klux Klan, and they used to parade up and down the streets in their robes and hoods at noon. I would be on my way to lunch at the Elks Lodge, and some of them would raise up the bottom of their hoods and say, 'Hi, there, George, old boy.' Secret society? We all knew who they were." Considering the

Klan's stand on Jews, Negroes and Catholics, the Imperial Wizard probably would have choked on his invective had he known that his Long Island unit once asked George Levy to join. "I always put them off by asking why they were against Catholics," says Levy, remembering it with great satisfaction. "And they always told me that Catholics would drink your blood. I would say, 'You mean to tell me that old Joe Dolan would drink your blood?' He was a well-known local Catholic. And they would get mad and say, 'No, no. Not Joe Dolan. But Catholics.'"

Against this colorful backdrop, young Attorney Levy had other colorful friends. Among his golf partners of the old days were two fellow Islanders named Frank: Erickson and Costello. Even now Levy remains fiercely loyal to his friends—though he admits in some cases it has cost him much—and will insist that in those days one did not ask a man's business just to play golf with him. But this set the stage for the stormiest part of Levy's career, a couple of decades later. In 1936, happily engaged in the dog-track fight, Levy paused at the request of a New York law firm to defend accused white slaver Lucky Luciano against racket buster Thomas E. Dewey. He lost the case in a flurry of national publicity, and Luciano was later deported (another attorney handled the appeal), but one thing came out of the trial to indicate Levy's courtroom power. Crime reporters covering the trial took a secret poll, voted 13 to 1 for acquittal.

The case of George Levy and the greyhounds of Mineola versus New York and the townspeople of Long Island represented America in its finest thin-line legal hour. With betting clearly illegal, Levy's clients used the "Florida option" system. Thus, one did not bet on the dog but bought an option to purchase the animal. Off the greyhounds would go, presumably showing their form to hundreds of prospective pet fanciers. Spectators whose dogs won the races then could claim their pets at prices specified on the program. If they didn't happen to want the animals—greyhounds are churlish brutes anyway—Track Owner Edwards Roberts stood ready to buy the options back at prices on a tote board posted conveniently

opposite the grandstand. Mineola residents protested that this was out-and-out gambling, and Levy agreed. But he pointed out it wasn't illegal, and he won so many court skirmishes that Governor Herbert Lehman finally called for a truce. He asked Levy's clients to shut down the track voluntarily. They did, and in an action that some said smacked of political coincidence the next session of the New York legislature adopted a pari-mutuel bill legalizing betting at dog tracks. Under renewed pressure from antgambling interests, however, Lehman vetoed it.

The years 1939, when pari-mutuel betting came to New York, and 1940, when Roosevelt Raceway opened, were the turning points in Levy's life, and from that time on the practice of law ran second. The Long Island lawyer and his partners were variously characterized as smooth manipulators in Albany, where the betting bill was guided through the legislature, and as "that bunch of nuts from Wall Street" by 79-year-old Al Saunders, the veteran Hambletonian secretary they hired to get them enough horses to race. Both analyses were correct.

"Pressures were intense in Albany," recalls Levy. "Some legislators wanted one bill to encompass both flat and harness racing. Others wanted them handled separately. We had to have them tied up in one package; otherwise we faced a veto. The Thoroughbred people were for our bill; after all, they did not consider harness racing—especially night harness racing—to be a threat. The church groups, of course, were against the package; the motion picture interests, which regarded us as a definite threat, were most vigorously opposed. Governor Lehman didn't like the idea of harness racing under pari-mutuel; he was convinced it wasn't a healthy sport for New York. There was some talk that racing at night, with inadequate lighting, created the possibility of switching horses and that sort of thing. It was a tough battle."

In his biography of Levy, Attorney Martin W. Littleton, Levy's partner, wrote: "George saw to it" that the bill got through—and certainly Levy was a key figure in its passage. But in the end it was the representatives from upstate New York, which has a sentimental attachment for harness racing, who swung the vote. (Years later it turned out that a number of important legislators and politicians on both political parties had

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acquired stock, at remarkably low prices, in a number of trotting tracks. The same odd coincidence took place about the time betting was legalized in Illinois and New Hampshire.)

"The bill specified 'between sunrise and sunset' for the runners," says Levy. "Trotters were not restricted—and that set the stage for our operation. The governor was still against night harness racing, but he set up commissions to cover both and appointed Ben Downing to head up the trotters. He drew a pledge from Downing that there would be firm control."

Levy and his partners quickly signed a \$10,000-a-year lease on Roosevelt Field, formed the Old Country Trotting Association, seraped up \$125,000 to reconstruct an old auto track that had been there since 1936—and they were off and trotting at Roosevelt. It opened like a comic horse opera. Levy and partners had talked the contractor into accepting \$10,000 in raceway stock as part of his bill for remodeling the track—the builder was reluctant but later became rich on the deal—and set the curtain raser for August 26, 1940.

"We were sitting in my office congratulating ourselves," Levy says, "when someone burst in and said, 'There are only 32 horses down there in the podcock.' That was about one-third the number we needed to stage a meet, and some of them were of questionable durability at that. It turned out that old Al Saunders' crack about those Wall Street nuts had convinced all the trainers and drivers to stay away. We were sunk. And then"—Levy pauses to light a fresh cigar with dramatic satisfaction—"and then I just happened to glance out the window and saw it was sprinkling. In another hour it was pouring, and we were saved. We postponed the opening."

It rained so hard in the next seven days that Levy felt a little guilty about it. But when the weather cleared for September 2 there were enough horses on hand; he and his associates had been all over the eastern seaboard in chartered planes, signing up every trainer who had a horse in near condition to race.

"It wasn't exactly perfect then," Levy points out. "In the fifth race a gelding named Wayne Lee—who may have been a little odd for the action at 14—finished in a burst of speed, gave a big sigh and fell over dead in the traces. We were so inexperienced that it took us an

hour to get that horse off the track."

Although every track has a dead horse in its past, it took Roosevelt four years to bury the memory of Wayne Lee. First-season losses were \$51,685, and after ordering up more track improvements Levy opened his second season \$225,000 in the hole. "The New York newspapers were handclapping us," says Levy. "Not the races, but betting when we would shut down."

But Levy inaugurated the changes that turned the tide. He convinced the horsemen to give up the two-out-of-three "heat" system to determine winners—thus speeding up the program and the betting; he produced the automobile-mounted starting gate now in standard use, eliminating the false starts and recalls that could delay a race for, literally, an hour; and he instituted the "form sheet" program, which listed the past performance of each horse. Levy's lights and his gate revolutionized trotting, but it wasn't until 1944 that Roosevelt was in the black; by then Levy and his associates had lost half a million of their own and borrowed money. Through all those years Levy never forgot that trotting was, first, a sport and only secondarily a business. Roosevelt's conciliatory policies toward horsemen, its full program of colt racing to encourage development of younger horses and an equitable purse distribution won the respect and cooperation of harness racing's elder statesmen. Many of these men were initially hostile to the expected commercialism of a big-city operation, but their steady support greatly contributed to the track's success.

By 1946 Levy could have ridden off on a sulky into the Long Island sunset. He had started out with 35% of the Raceway stock but had given much of it away during the hard years, at least to those who would take it (Levy now owns 6½% of Roosevelt). At one point in 1942 the stock was selling for \$1 a share, with no takers.

"You remember Clem McCarthy?" says Levy. "Everybody remembers Clem, with that wonderful voice of his. What people don't know is that at one time we were so broke we offered Clem 100 shares of stock when he was announcing races for us. His fee was \$100 per program, and we offered him the stock if he would cut it to \$50. His manager

laughed in our faces—he said the stuff was worthless—but he did cut McCarthy's fee to \$75 and we struggled along. That stock bundle would have grown, after splits, to 12,000 shares with a market value of about \$250,000 today including dividends—in less than 15 years."

The raceway, meanwhile, has become a community institution. Since it began showing a profit, Roosevelt has donated some \$2 million to philanthropic causes, most notably the cerebral palsy drives, and on Long Island charity now begins at George Morton Levy. He still supports a collection of retired theatrical folk—Levy is a soft touch for show-business people—and at one time the list was so long that they used to rally at his home in Freeport every Sunday for their hand-outs. In Mineola, Levy still maintains an institution he definitely does not need, his "old country law office" of Littleton and Levy. With most of his time devoted to Roosevelt, and with Littleton retired some years ago, Levy gets to Mineola only about one day a week but keeps the staff there on a full-time salary. "I don't know what it is," he says, "but people seem to stay with me until they die. Why, you ought to go over to the office in Mineola: I've got the weirdest collection of old folks over there you ever saw. There's one old guy who hasn't been in the office for 15 years, and he's still full time on the payroll."

Levy's charitable works were forgotten in 1951, however, when Senator Kefauver and his investigators came to town and called the Long Island lawyer as their first televised witness. The cameras were set up in a borrowed courthouse room on Foley Square, and an estimated 30 million people looked in that day, March 12, at the image of the two men facing each other. The old man remembers it well: "My law partner, Littleton, told me they were out to get somebody, and that somebody was me," he says. "I couldn't believe him. I had already been through—and cleared—an intensive Treasury Department investigation. Why would they want to get me? 'All right,' my partner told me. 'I'll prove it to you right now. You call the committee and ask them to postpone your part in the hearing until Wednesday. After all, that will give the hearings two days before you have to appear and give you a fairer chance.' So I called . . ." Levy lights up a fresh cigar

continued



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and bites down hard on it, remembering. "So I called Rudolph Halley, the chief counsel, and asked for the delay. And Halley told me, 'Why, if you can't make it until Wednesday, Mr. Levy, we'll just postpone the start of the hearings until that time.' And then I knew that I was to be the sacrificial victim."

Kefauver's charge that Levy had been a golf-playing companion of Costello and Erickson did not generate much fire. The Senator's chief accusation, that Levy had paid Costello \$60,000 over a four-year period, Levy admitted matter-of-factly. While the cameras held him close up, he even added to the Senator's story: he had, said Levy, paid Costello the \$60,000 after Harness Racing Commissioner Downing had insisted there were bookmakers operating openly at Roosevelt and that Levy should get rid of them. Far from concealing it, Levy had listed the Costello payment as a deductible business expense—at \$15,000 a year—and paid by check. The Treasury Department had investigated the case and decided the payment was not a deductible item, but there it was and everybody knew about it, said Levy. Commissioner Downing had known and approved. "I did not believe there were any bookmakers there myself," said Levy, "but I was faced with the loss of my license and I figured it was a cheap enough price to pay. . . ." What did Mr. Costello do to earn the money? "I don't know," said Levy. The next exchange was typical of the hearing:

Sen. [Charles W.] Tobey: . . . I would not pay out \$60,000 for a pig in a poke. *Levy:* What would you do, get your license revoked?

The hearing wound up at loose ends. Levy had frankly admitted paying out the money; his statement had been corroborated by Downing; Costello had testified that he had not done much of anything to earn the money except pass the word around a few key New York night spots. The hearing had scored a fantastically high audience rating, and Levy's reputation was left in shreds. A final unanswerable query about where Levy had gotten some money in 1942 was left with the implication that he had borrowed it from the underworld. Later he was able to prove the money had been a loan from his mother. And on July 11, 1952 Levy finally received a letter from Kefauver which said, in part: "We conclude, therefore, that the addi-

tional testimony . . . is corroborative of Mr. Levy's testimony before the committee. . . . I am glad that we now have the benefit of fuller information and facts and that we can take this opportunity of remedying any injustice that you suffered. . . ."

"It did not," says Levy now, "do me a whole hell of a lot of good at that point." Levy sometimes wryly figures that just surviving those stormy years is enough of a valedictory. He still has his health, he can play golf with the best of them and he bets on horses about as badly as the worst of them.

Roosevelt Raceway, its new plant completed in 1957, stands as a \$21 million monument to him on 59 acres of the plain, and Levy and associates own nearly everything else for miles around. It is considered a solid enough enterprise to be listed on the American Stock Exchange—with 13,000 stockholders betting on Levy. Racing purses now average about \$40,000 each night and the betting handle about \$2 million, as much as a season would bring in back in the old days. Roosevelt has a lucrative new enterprise in Westbury Tote, an electronic tote board that flashes betting data in 15-second cycles; Levy is marketing it nationally and overseas.

Levy himself, at 73 or 77, continues to set a bristling pace at Roosevelt. He's at the office every day, every morning during the golf season, with his coat sleeves pushed up and his elbows resting on the open center drawer of the desk. Both gestures are characteristic. He can't stand to have his forearms covered—"I don't feel free in long sleeves," he says—and once, when Levy's secretary looked the center drawer because he was always spilling cigar ashes into it, he retrieved the key, unlocked the drawer and then threw the key out the window. "You know," says Levy with that stabbing gesture, spilling ashes into the drawer, "I have no envy or malice left in my system. I still have a lot to do."

A lot of golf, for one thing. One day recently Levy worked as usual until noon. He settled a lease agreement on a new department store that soon will open on Roosevelt property, listening with barely controlled patience to the arguments and finally calling the principals into private conference and forcefully dictating the terms. ("I'm not wor-

ried," said the relieved lessee. "I know George Levy is an honest man.") He dictated a letter of condolence to the widow of a newspaperman who had died uninsured, and added his personal check for \$1,300 "because he was a nice guy and a good writer in his day." Then he put on his hat and walked out, down the paneled corridor from the executive suite, past the glass-covered, framed pictures of nine former Roosevelt Raceway treasurers, all of whom were personal friends of Levy and all of whom are now dead. He climbed into the back seat of his Cadillac and propped his feet on the golf bag, and the chauffeur drove directly to the country club where three old cronies were waiting—two bankers and one retired raceway board member.

They played 18 holes, cursing each other with sweeping phrases, while Levy drove his golf cart with the abandon of A. J. Foyt, his cigar fixed firmly in the center of his mouth, the smoke streaming back along both sides of his jaws. At the clubhouse Levy came out of the steam room with a stately air for one so small and round and completely naked. He padded over to the counter, picked up the communal can of talcum powder and thoughtfully sprinkled it on, raising first one arm and then the other; he sprayed his chest and belly until he looked like a fuzzy old white Teddy bear. Through the glass doors the locker-room attendant waited at respectful attention with a bourbon old-fashioned, and Levy's pals were drinking their drinks and counting out fives and tens on the long wooden bench. The total was \$70, and when the old man stalked in and sat down with a gentle explosion of white dust they grinned and pushed it across at him.

It was 5:30 p.m. Long Island time, the best part of Levy's day. He had worked; he had played golf. The trotters would race that night at Roosevelt and old friends would come by and say hello. Much, much later he would get out his clubs and knock a few balls through the Jaysons' downstairs windows. He reached over and rummaged through the ash-covered serge suit in the locker and got out his 17th cigar of the day and lit it, found the rimless glasses and put them on and squinted through the smoke at his friends. "You know what, fellas?" he said, with a note of wonder in his voice. "I am the happiest man in the world." **END**



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You're having a beer
and the guy next
to you starts in on the
United Nations. It's a
hangout for spies,
he says. A tool for
the Russians. And we
pay the bills.

What do you say?

Say this: Think about the crises in Suez, Palestine, New Guinea, Malaysia, the Congo, Cuba, Cyprus.

Is it the UN that's kept them from becoming World War III?

Maybe not,

but who'd be crazy enough to want to find out?

I'd rather slug it out punch-for-punch.
I'll send for the punch at 11:00 PM to follow.
It's full of good arguments and 15000.
Write the U.S. Committee
for the United Nations, New York 17.

Source: contributed as a public service by Sports Illustrated

"I'm tired of the rat race out here in California and I'm anxious to move to Denver where there is a need for good Negro lawyers," said **Marlin Louis**, the legal-eagle wife of former World Heavyweight Champion **Joe Louis**. The Louises have taken a three-bedroom ranch-style home in Denver, only a stone's throw from former World Heavyweight Champion **Charles (Sonny) Liston**, a man frequently in need of legal counsel.

The man who called himself **Roger Edward McNally** was practicing his putting near Danville, Va., when G-men crept onto the green and nailed him at the pin. It seems that McNally was really **Thomas Edward Galloway**, one of the nation's 10 most wanted criminals and the object of a nine-month-long FBI search.

In Columbus, Ohio to take a chip shot at sin and join the rest of the fans at the big golf tournament, Evangelist **Billy Graham** graciously accepted a money clip bearing the official PGA seal. In return he gave the professional golfing organization what must be considered the highest stamp of approval put upon any sporting group since the boys up at New Haven first started slaughtering Harvard. "For God, for Country, and for Yale." "Belonging to the PGA," said Billy, "is the next best thing to belonging to the Kingdom of God."

Broadening his horizons, Astronaut **Scott Carpenter** flew to Bermuda last week to participate in a 192-foot test dive with the Navy. But before submerging in the diving chamber the spaceman took a flying dive off a motorbike and broke his left arm. "That," said a spokesman at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, "will doubtless scratch Mr. Carpenter from the undersea test."

Ardent fisherman **Desi Arnaz** was taking a snooze below when his chartered deep-sea fishing boat suddenly hit an uncharted

rock and started sinking in the Gulf of California. "I can swim like a fish," he assured his companions, staring bravely out at the apparently limitless sea. "Relax," replied one shipmate as he spun dauntless Desi around a full 180°. "We're only 20 feet from land."

The perils of politics in an election year are not all in the polling places. Representative **James C. Wright Jr.** (D., Texas) stole a moment from fence-mending to take his family on an outing. After spreading blankets and picnic lunch near the Potomac, the Wrights started playing a friendly little game of volleyball. The 41-year-old congressman suddenly fell to the ground groaning and grasping a broken ankle. "What hurts," he said next day, "is not so much my ankle as realizing that I'm no longer 18 years old."

Even when **Mme. Hervé Alphand**, the wife of the French ambassador to the U.S., dances past midnight at a diplomatic blast, she is up and raring to go at 8:30 a.m. But **Mme. Alphand**, who is one of the world's 10 best-dressed women, does not leap out of bed to plan a chic party or to choose her wardrobe. "I get up early," confessed **Mme. Alphand** last week, "so I can do my yoga exercises for 20 minutes."

"He used three diving boards," said a hotel manager, shaking his head. "But he always managed to hit the water on his tummy." And so, after spending 10 days trying to master the art of the front plunge, Oyl Millionaire **Nurbur Gulbrekian** gave up, packed his bags, left the Riviera and returned to London. "I'm too old and too fat for diving," confessed the thwarted 66-year-old. "And," he added, "it's given me an earache."

A few years of sound medical training is a pretty good idea if you are going to far-off places as a medical missionary. But **William McColl, M.D.**, who is leaving a comfortable practice in

Chicago to head for the wilds of Korea, may turn out to be one up on his missionary colleagues. He learned how to rough it during nine years (1952-1960) as an end for the Chicago Bears.

Two commoners were seriously gored in Pamplona's annual running of the bulls, but one prince of the blood dared the angry animals to commit *lese-majesté* on his person and emerged without a scratch. After facing down six startled bulls, newly wed **Prince Hugo Carlos de Bourbon y Parma** waved gallily at his bride and then tore down the cobblestone street to safety. But **Princess Irene** got so nervous as she watched from a balcony that she bit off her fingernails. They were presumably awarded to the prince.

First **Jimmy Clark** got into a car and beat his friend and countryman **Graham Hill** over the 212 miles of the European Grand Prix by three seconds. Then, less than 24 hours later, **Jimmy** (below left) picked up a flat-sided

but and scored 76 runs to **Hill's** 12 on a cricket pitch in Farnham, England.

The romantic if slightly pudgy young cowboy no longer gallops after badmen to the strains of a soft guitar. Now even pudgier and the well-heeled chairman of several boards, he clips coupons and plays golf with his top executives. "Oh, I ride a horse in a parade once in a while," said **Gene Autry** after a tour of the links with Manager **Bill Rigney** of his fallen L.A. Angels, "but I don't do it just for fun anymore."

Riding for her school team for the first time last week, **Princess Anne** won a yellow rose for finishing third in the dressage challenge cup for 14 and under. Meanwhile, on another field, her father, **Prince Philip**, was having a few problems. Playing for the Windsor Park polo team, the Queen's husband toppled headlong from his pony and had to be taken to the hospital for repair of a strained ligament.





FAVORITE IN JAVELIN, SOVIET'S JANIS LUSIS HAS SMOOTH AND POWERFUL STYLE

TRACK & FIELD/Dick Bank

A slight blow for extremism in sport's cold war

Still chagrined by 1963's near disaster in Moscow and inspired by an Olympic year, the U.S. should wallop Russia in Los Angeles

The most important track meet the U.S. takes part in except for the Olympic Games is the annual dual meet with Soviet Russia. This year's renewal, sixth in a series that began in 1958 (the meet was not held in 1960), takes place Saturday and Sunday in the Coliseum in Los Angeles. It will be telecast, live and on tape, over the ABC network.

This year, because of the advantage

we have in being the home team and because our strength in track becomes intensified in an Olympic year, we are almost certain to win the men's division by the widest margin ever (last year we were lucky to win by five points), and our women should do much better than in 1963. For the first time we seem likely to win an overall team scoring. A compressed form chart follows. Likely divi-

sion of points (5 for first, 3 for second, 2 for third, 1 for fourth) in each event is given in parentheses.

100 METERS (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Bob Hayes, probably the fastest man who ever lived, has an injured thigh and is not the explosive runner he was in 1962 and 1963, but he is nonetheless much too strong for his opposition. Bernie Rivers should take second from Edwin Ozolin, the Russian record holder, who has a complex about international meets. "He is a coward," says Soviet Coach Korobkov, "and you can quote me."

200 METERS (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Henry Carr, the world record holder in the 200, is as graceful a runner as Hayes is violent and, barring injury, he is just as sure a bet. Paul Drayton is almost as good as Carr and guarantees a sweep.

400 METERS (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Mike Larrabee, 30, and Ollan Cassell, 27, are a couple of guys who never quite made it before. Both go all out from the start and defy the opposition to catch them. Vadim Arkhipchuk has had good times and tries hard but seldom wins.

800 METERS (U.S. 7, U.S.S.R. 4): Jerry Siebert won this event in 1961 and 1962 and then retired to graduate work in physics until the lure of Tokyo brought him back to action. He should win, but Estonian Rein Telp, who has a strong finish, may surprise.

1,500 METERS (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): With Tom O'Hara out because of his father's illness, Dyrrol Burleson will be joined by his old sidekick, Jim Grelle. Unless they permit a dawdling pace they are certain to finish one-two.

5,000 METERS (U.S.S.R. 7, U.S. 4): For the first time since 1932 the U.S. has a chance of winning a major international victory in the 5,000. Bob Schul is the best in the world so far this year, though Pyotr Bolotnikov, the 1960 Olympic 10,000-meter champion, is only six-tenths of a second behind. The 5,000 should be the best race of the meet.

10,000 METERS (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): This is a race for veteran runners, but America's hope is 18-year-old Gerry Lindgren. He has run the 10,000 only once, and his time is almost 50 seconds slower than the best by the Russian pair, Nikolai Dutoev and Leonid Ivanov. But Gerry improves in great surges, and he could produce something astonishing.

110-METER HURDLES (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Anatoli Mikhailov always does about 13.8, and if that is good enough he wins.

Last year, surprisingly, it was. But this time Hayes Jones and Blaine Lindgren, with 13.4 and 13.6 respectively this season, will leave Anzoli behind.

400-METER HURDLES (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Jay Luck surprised with a 50.2 second place in the AAU meet and astounded with a 49.4 victory in the Olympic trials, fourth fastest ever. Bill Hardin, son of the 1936 Olympic champion in this event, beat Jay at the AAU but looked tired finishing fourth at the trials. Vasili Anisimov hangs on until the pace quickens, then drops back sharply.

3,000-METER STEEPCHASE (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): The Russian steepchasers lack true speed, but their technique is faultless, and tiny Eduard Osofov (5 feet 4 inches) and Lazar Nardotski should finish first and second. But Jeff Fishback, who has trained like a Spartan since his beating in the 5,000 at Moscow last year, has an exceptional finish and a score to settle. And George Young, the American record holder, is back in form. This could turn into a superb race.

20,000-METER WALK (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): Ron Laird and Ron Zinn are dedicated athletes and the best walkers America has had, but they will finish 5 to 7 minutes behind the Russians.

400-METER RELAY (U.S. 5, U.S.S.R. 3): Vital fractions of seconds are gained or lost on baton passes; untrained teams of very good sprinters who have had little practice together (like ours) sometimes lose to well-trained teams of ordinary sprinters (like theirs). This time, though, Drayton, Rivers, John Moon and Dick Stebbins should fumble their way to victory.

1,600-METER RELAY (U.S. 5, U.S.S.R. 3): Baton exchanges do not matter as much in the longer relay, and the four U.S. runners (Cassell, Carr, Rex Cawley, Ullis Williams) could break the world record if they were at peak form. They are not, but even so they will run away with the race.

HIGH JUMP (U.S.S.R. 7, U.S. 4): A Russian, Vladimir Dychakov, developed the idea that if a man runs faster toward the bar his forward momentum will lift him higher. Valeri Brumel, Dychakov's greatest pupil, has jumped 7 feet 5½ inches, 17 inches above his head, and has set new world records in this meet for three consecutive years. He has no challengers.

POLE VAULT (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): It is startling to recall that the Russians won

this event in the first meet in 1958—at a modest 14 feet 9¼ inches—when everything went wrong for the Americans. Now a Russian victory seems impossible. Fred Hansen and Dave Tork could finish 18 inches higher than their opponents.

BROAD JUMP (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Igor Ter-Ovanesyan holds the world record, but Ralph Boston defeated Ter-O in the Olympics and beat him three straight years in this meet. Ralph is in top form—he did 27 feet 5½ inches with a following wind a few weeks ago—and Igor is home nursing an injured foot.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): The list of Soviet triple jumpers is like our pole-vault roster—long and high in caliber. Vitold Kreer won bronze medals in both Melbourne and Rome, and Vladimir Goryayev, who will drive you crazy as he waits minutes at the top of the runway, is just as good. Ira Davis and Bill Sharpe are Olympic veterans and terrific competitors, but it will be an upset if either beats a Russian.

SHOTPUT (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): Dallas Long is the best in the world (66 feet 3½ inches) despite too little time away from dental studies to devote to training. Randy Matson, 19 years old and 6 feet 7 inches tall, has done 64 feet 11 inches

already and has no discernible limit.

DISCUS THROW (U.S. 8, U.S.S.R. 3): An American monopoly, with two-time Olympic Champion Al Oerter still improving and at 27 not yet at his peak. Jay Silvester has been off form but he is still well ahead of the Russians.

HAMMER THROW (U.S. 6, U.S.S.R. 5): The most closely contested event between the two countries, but Hal Connolly has won three times in the four meets he has competed in and is as good as ever in this, his avowed final year of competition.

JAVELIN THROW (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): Latvian Janis Lusis is a joy to watch, and 33-year-old Vladimir Kuznetsov, sixth in the Helsinki Olympics 12 years ago, is still impressive. Americans finished second and third last year, but do not count on that happening again. Considering that Americans are the best in other throwing events, our abject weakness in the javelin is embarrassing.

DECATHLON (U.S.S.R. 8, U.S. 3): The Russians have won four straight since Rafer Johnson's stirring victory in 1958, and Rafer's old rival, Vasil Kuznetsov, 32 now, is still the man to beat. Americans Don Jeisy and Russ Hodge, both left-handed, have had little competitive experience in the decathlon.

THE WOMEN: It won't be as bad as last year's disaster in Moscow, when we did not even score an apparently automatic 30 points for simply finishing in each of the 10 events. Except for Earlene Brown's 1958 triumph in the shotput, we have never had a first place in any women's event other than the sprints and the sprint relay. But while the parade of victorious Soviet women again will be overwhelming, the U.S. has improved and could score enough points in the women's meet to win in the overall standings.

TOTAL MEN'S SCORE: U.S. 129, U.S.S.R. 107. Total women's score: U.S.S.R. 63, U.S. 44. Total overall score: U.S. 173, U.S.S.R. 170.

The U.S. women's predicted score of 44 is a practical maximum—it supposes a victory in the relay and a one-two sweep in the two sprints, as well as second places in the broad jump and the high jump. But the U.S. men's total of 129 is a practical minimum (assuming no pulled muscles or sudden on-track accidents), and we could pick up a few added points in the 5,000, the steepchase, the decathlon and the high jump. It looks like our year.

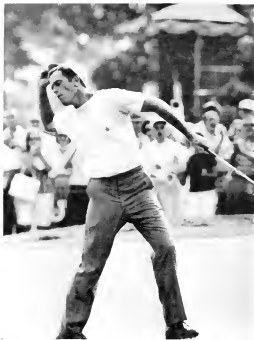
END



PONTAILED Tatiana Talyshova has done 20 feet 5½ inches in the broad jump.

*'You aren't
going to
believe
this, but...'*

Surprised Bobby Nichols, with ghastly shots into the weeds and miraculous ones back out again, won a dizzy PGA



It seemed that no matter how far young Bobby Nichols would hit a shot in the wrong direction during the PGA Championship at Columbus, Ohio last week his very next one would come zooming out of the trees or the trouble and right to the hole. By the end of four days of this sort of necromantic dippy doo Nichols had hit the ball only 271 times—though admittedly from every conceivable spot on the country-club premises—and this was a total good enough to make him the new PGA champion. A full three strokes behind him were his closest pursuers, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus but they had made the drab mistake of keeping the ball on the golf course, and they never had a chance. "You aren't going to believe this, but I have witnesses," said Nichols when asked for the details of one of his rounds, and he is right. Nobody believes it yet.

The PGA was the fourth tournament in recent weeks in which the prize money

came to \$100,000 or more. It followed the British Open by one week and the U.S. Open by only four. With just about the same people cast in the leading roles, it hardly seemed possible that there was any more emotion to spend on golf, but Bobby Nichols showed how wrong that notion was when for the second time in his five-year pro career he sent sports-writers thumbing through their reference books to find out exactly who he is. The other occasion was at the 1962 U.S. Open at Oakmont, where he finished in a tie for third behind Nicklaus and Palmer. Witnesses to that event will remember the galleries going through a kind of Abbott and Costello routine trying to find out who was ahead of whom as Nicklaus, Nichols and Palmer seasawed in and out of the lead. Ever since, the writers have thought of Nichols as a promising golfer who almost died in an automobile accident in his home town of Louisville at the age of 16. Bobby Nichols? people would say. Oh, yes,

he's the nice golfer that almost got killed once.

Actually, Robert Herman Nichols has been one of the more threatening of the young Turks in professional golf for some time. A big, handsome man of 28, he is 6 feet 2 inches tall and a broad-shouldered 200 pounds. He has a smooth Snead-like swing and power that puts him out with all but the longest hitters. He won both the St. Petersburg and Houston opens in early 1962 prior to his fine showing at Oakmont. But after that his record was more consistent than awesome. Last year he finished 10th on the list of money winners, but his lone victory did not come until September in the Seattle Open. There has been talk that there was not enough tiger in this gentle, soft-spoken man who has no real flair for attracting the limelight. He seemed to hide his talents like a well-dressed woman who only wears her prettiest clothes at home, for fear of being stared at. By way of emphasis, some of

Bobby's colleagues—among whom he is that rare exception, a universally popular player—pointed out that he is an intensely religious fellow. The implication was that his devotion to the Golden Rule prevented him from trying to beat the stuffing out of the opposition and was depriving him of the winner's share of some purses.

Well, Bobby Nichols went to Mass every morning last week and still managed to lead the tournament every afternoon. The first day he did it with a 64, a new single-round record in a PGA Championship and a competitive course record for the Columbus Country Club. He had eight birdies and only two bogeys in that round and after it he modestly attributed his success to a recently acquired (for \$5) second-hand putter with a polished brass blade. He sank one putt from 30 feet, two from 20, one from 15 feet and bundles from 10 feet or so. If necessary, he most likely would have sunk one from the Columbus Plaza hotel.

The second day he slipped slightly to a one-over-par 71, but he still maintained a one-stroke lead over Palmer, who had resolutely brought in his second consecutive 68. On the third day (playing in relative solitude directly behind Arnie and his massive Army), Bobby continued to hold his lead over Palmer as the two players shot matching 69s.

If it is true, as the Scots insist, that the glory of golf is the manner in which it tests a man's character in adversity, then the character of Bobby Nichols was gloriously tested during that third round. He drove into the rough on nine of the 18 holes, and the rough that bordered the Columbus fairways was long enough to separate wandering children from their parents. The divots that were sailing off Bobby's clubs as he dug the ball out of this grass were the size of Beetle wigs. When you could no longer see the wigs flying, it was because he was playing a shot from some even more remote location deep in the Ohio backwoods. But through the first nine holes of this soul-trying Saturday, he yielded only one stroke to par. He regained that and an extra stroke with birdies on the 10th and 11th and so stood one under par on the 14th green, which he three-putted. Shaken, he spent the next three holes thrashing his way out of still deeper trouble than before—and scoring two pars and a birdie. It was so improbable

a round of golf that even Nichols joked about it. But if it was true that he was lucky, it was also true that a great deal of courage was a major element in his success.

By comparison Sunday, the day of victory, was a breeze. Midway through his round he ran into difficulties of a sort and found himself tied with both Palmer and the fast-closing Mason Rudolph as he started his second nine. At the 10th hole, a long par-5, he met this challenge by sinking a 35-foot putt for an eagle 3. "I never was really confident of winning until then," he said afterward. "I had something in the back of my mind. I felt that something was going to go wrong. But when I made that eagle at 10, I knew I had to win. All week I have been praying to St. Jude, the patron saint of the impossible, and it must have helped."

It must have kept helping, too, for he went on to sink putts of 18, 15 and 51 feet on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes. These proved to be his margin of victory, for directly ahead of him both Palmer and Nicklaus, playing together, were bringing thunderous roars from their gallery with birdies.

Once again, as in the U.S. Open that Ken Venturi won so surprisingly last month, the hot trio of Palmer, Nicklaus and Tony Lema was thwarted by an outsider. Of the three, Palmer appeared the most serious contender throughout the tournament. With two 68s and two 69s, he was under par all the way and showed a more consistent pattern of good play than any of the 162 pros in the field.

Imperfect practice

Palmer had spent the previous week at home, practicing by the hour and thinking of little but the PGA, the only major championship he has never won. By the time he arrived in Columbus at the beginning of the week he was shaking his head in despair. "I've never played so badly," he was saying. "I just can't hit anything right. About the only shots I can hit at all are the short irons, but even they aren't very good. It's awful." That kind of talk from Palmer is like a fire siren to those who understand the determination of this fiercest of golfers.

As always, Palmer's game was thrillingly erratic, but his sense of humor remained intact. Some night celebrities had pounded on his door at 2:30 Saturday morning, and he told of answering

their summons with a putter in his hand. "I knew that club was good for something," he said.

In sum, Palmer's golf was close to superb, but he could never quite produce the string of birdies that would give him a lead. The very nature of the Columbus course was largely responsible. For the modern professional golfer, it was hulle more than a short stroll of 6,851 yards. To save its prize event the embarrassment of a deluge of ridiculously low scores, the PGA tournament committee narrowed the fairways and let the rough grow to the point where the contestants—a majority of them simply teaching pros who were making their only serious tournament attempt of the year—felt as if they were blazing trails through the rain forests of the Andes. To make doubly sure that their preparations were not in vain, the committee set the pin positions with sadistic intent.

On the first day only 13 golfers were under par on a course that most of the touring pros could normally play with a driver, a wedge and a putter. By the end of the second day this number had been reduced to eight, and it was down to four by Saturday night. The long Ohio grass had done its work, taking most of the pow out of power golf. The scoreboard was alive with an explosion of birdies and bogeys, nerve-wracking for the players, perhaps, but exerting to watch.

Even Jack Nicklaus, the local hero and defending champion, could not find the right combination to the course until Sunday afternoon, when his last-gasp 64 tied Nichols' new record, and Lema, who finished 10 strokes back, never did find it. But Nicklaus may have had other things on his mind, such as entertaining Gary Player in the new house he has just built and furnished. On Wednesday afternoon Jack won the traditional PGA driving contest with an enormous shot of 320 yards. He said he had to win the \$100 prize because Gary was eating so much.

The home-town gallery got its chance to roar on Sunday at Jack's fine 64, but it roared, too, when happy Bobby Nichols sank his last putt on 18. When the ball dropped, the new champion swept off his hat and tried to throw it into the gallery. It fell into a trap instead, just like his golf shots had all week. "Don't worry," somebody said. "He'll get it down in two from there." END

Bill Luders has them crying: Beat the bird!

In two sets of trials 'American Eagle' has flicked her tail feathers in the eyes of every other would-be cup defender. Her speed is a testament to the designing skill and intuition of yachting's most modest man

The second of the three series of round-robin races to pick an America's Cup defender is officially known as the Observation Trials. This means, in a sense, that during this series the committee is only window-shopping; it does not plan to buy until the shop doors are almost closed at the Final Trials. There is still a month to go before these trials begin, but the shoppers off Brenton Reef were finding their choice narrowed considerably. Of the five boats competing

for the honor of meeting England's challenge, only two seemed worth bidding on at all, and only one bore the look of a real bargain. That one was the Aurora syndicate's *American Eagle*, a slippery racing boat named for the chunky square-rigger that brought the first immigrant Du Pont to the U.S. from France on New Year's Day of 1800.

In 12 races during the first two sets of trials, just concluded, *Eagle* was never headed officially. With onetime Lightning

and International Class champion Bill Cox at her helm, she beat the Hovey family's sleekly varnished *Forster*, the veteran defender *Columbus* and Ted Hood's reworked *Nefertiti* with regularity. This was hardly surprising, since *Eagle* is newer than any of these three and thus presumably a better boat. What was a surprise, and a big one, was *Eagle's* apparent superiority over the other new boat, *Constellation*, the latest potential defender to spring from the fertile mind of Olin Stephens, designer of two previous winners.

Once again Stephens has designed what is obviously a very fast boat, and the fact that *Eagle* beat her in every official meeting could be blamed more on steering than on design. Cox outmaneuvered *Constellation's* Eric Rudder at every all-important start. And though *Constellation's* crew handled her sails with machined precision, her course upwind invariably left a wake reminiscent of a snake's progress across a desert. It was significant that in the latest meeting between the two boats *Constellation*—with relief helmsman Bob Baxter in command—was leading by a wide margin before the race was called because of fog.

This seems to indicate that, with a new skipper at her helm, the Stephens boat could come back into strong contention against *American Eagle* at the final trials. Until then, however, the battle cry at Newport—as stenciled on the pants of *Constellation's* crew—will remain "Beat the bird!"

The bird to beat is the sleek brainchild of a quiet, modest naval architect named Bill Luders, behind whose gentle blue eyes lies what may be the greatest store of information about the International Twelve Metre Rule ever assembled in one human brain. If the name Bill Luders, or, more properly, A. E. Luders Jr., is less familiar to Lynmen in connection with America's Cup racing than names like Hood, Hunt, Stephens, Rhodes and Burgess, it is largely Bill's own fault. Public relations is a large part of yacht

continued

LUDERS PERMITS HIMSELF A QUIET SMILE AS "EAGLE" GAINS STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH





HEADS UP PLAY

Tom Haller (5), San Francisco Giants' catcher, stunts second base and spends New York Mets' second baseman Ron Hunt (33) in Polo Grounds action, May 5, 1963. Giants won 6-3.

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BOATING *continued*

design, and Luders is a man seemingly determined to keep out of the limelight. Few knew it at the time but, as Corry Shields said later, "Bill Luders was the unsung hero of *Weatherly's* successful campaign in 1960." *Weatherly* was the boat that beat out the Shields family's own *Columbia*, a proven champion, for the honor of defending a second time. She was a Phil Rhodes-designed boat, but she was built at Luders' yard and Bill knew her well. "You ought to shorten those spreaders and cut down her weight some and she'd move faster," Luders told those who were campaigning *Weatherly*, in essence if not in those exact words. The result was that they did and she did, but few outside the inner circle knew that Bill Luders was largely responsible.

Although he has never learned to lead the cheers for himself, Bill Luders, now 54, is a born competitor. If he had not grown up in the yachting business (his father owned the shipyard Bill now heads), Luders might easily have made his mark in the world of tennis or on the ski slopes. He is still a rabid skier, and he has enough tennis-won silverware stuffed in a closet in Stamford, Conn. to ballast a good-size racing sloop, but boats were his first and have always been his main sporting interest. At 16 he won a class championship in a six-meter named *Hawk*, a fact made the more interesting because he was at the time, in *Yachting* magazine's prim phrase, "the youngest sailor on Long Island Sound racing in a regular class."

Luders, who decided some time after his prep days at The Hill School that further formal education was a waste of time, began his apprenticeship in naval architecture with one of the most complex of all design problems: that of wresting actual speed out of theoretical restriction.

The International Rule which, in various forms, has governed the design of racing sailboats in the 5.5-, six-, eight-, 10-, 12- and 14-meter classes is a complex mathematical balance of such factors as length, girth, sail area and freeboard measurements within which all boats of one class must fall. The rule is to Bill Luders what the chessboard is to Bobby Fischer, a precisely outlined field of competitive challenge. He has designed to the Cruising Club of America Rule as well, and some fine ocean-racing boats have come from the Luders draw-

ing board, but he himself has never raced them offshore, nor is he likely to. Ocean racing is a hit-or-miss proposition where hot bunks and cold food take the place of precision and accuracy. Ocean races are sailed in sudden spurts at the start and the finish. Between times the racers find their fun in hours of idleness and the excitement of sudden storm, in tall sea stories and gusty, lusty laughter. "It's all right for them," says precise Bill Luders with some distaste, "but leave me out of it."

When Bill Luders races a boat he races to win and not for the fun of getting wet and talking about it later. His racing instinct finds its challenge on the drawing board, on the slide rule and on a precisely marked triangle of buoys, where wind and tide are predictable within reasonable probability. Whether his boat is still a blueprint or afloat with him at the helm, no detail that can affect that probability is ever overlooked. Back in the 1940s, when he won the International One-Design championship from such skilled competitors as Bus Mosbacher, Corry Shields and Arthur Knapp, Skipper Luders had a standing order with the crew of his IOD *Surf* that her bottom must be rubbed smooth as satin with a piece of chamois before every weekend race. Since haul-outs were permitted only three times a season, nobody but fish could know for sure whether the job had been done. But Luders knew. One day before a race in particularly light air, he double-checked with the bottom-scraper of the week. Had the job been done properly? he asked. "Yes," came the prompt reply.

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely, Bill. I hit every square inch of it."

Bill Luders may well be the only racing skipper in existence who never argues and never raises his voice. He did neither at that moment. He drummed his fingers thoughtfully on the deck and gazed up at *Surf's* masthead, sensing some scabrous imperfection far below as she moved gently in the water. Then, without a word, he reached a hand far over the side, patted the boat's bottom and brought his hand up stained with a speck of green slime. Over the side went the crewman once again, with a new chamois, this time to do the job right.

Bill Luders never looks for trouble. He is too diffident to protest decisions that go against him. As one old friend

continued



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BOATING continued

and crewman, Joe Mayers, says, "He rarely lacks on top of close competition. He'd rather go under or dip astern." And trouble in turn seldom seeks out Bill Luders. He was born with a built-in radar and computer system that warns him of hazards well in advance.

Most helmsmen keep their eyes riveted to the jib for signs of falling off or pinching. Luders can steer a perfect course without, apparently, ever glancing aloft. He has an acute sense of sail trim and will invariably mutter, "Crack the main a hair," or, "Trim the jib," at the precise moment a tiny change is needed to send the boat ahead.

That same sure instinct guides Luders at the drawing board. His eyes get a distant look as ideas flick through his head, sorting and resorting themselves like cards in a computer. Head cocked to one side, left-hand fingers drumming, he sketches and erases, quickly, precisely. Few designers have had as much experience with tank testing as he and, though he never graduated from college, he can interpret complicated data better than most Ph.D.s. But Luders' intuition often tells him things that data cannot. Every tank test made at Stevens Institute on the new potential 1964 defenders, for example, proved conclusively that a slightly pointed or V-shaped bottom on the ballast keel would make a 12 go faster than a rounded or U-shaped bottom. Going by the book, Olin Stephens put a V-shape on *Constellation*, but something inside Luders said no. He put a U-shaped keel on *Eagle* and, when asked why, could only shrug.

Bill Luders cares little for the punctilio of yacht racing, or of anything else. It is doubtful whether he even owns a necktie. But where it may count in performance Luders is a stickler for form. Since the measurement rules bound the arena in which he must prove himself, he is as fussy about them as about scum on his boat's bottom. His enemies like to call him a rule-beater but, according to Bill Luders, rules should either say what they mean or be taken at face value as meaning what they say.

One of his roughest assaults on a measurement rule was staged in 1959. The Luders yard was at that time building a whole class of 39-foot cruising boats called the L 27s. Bill took one of these, ripped out its insides, rerigged it to follow the letter of the Cruising Club of America rating rule, named it (appro-

priately) *Storm* and campaigned it on Long Island Sound to show up the glaring defects in that rule.

The storm raised by *Storm* blew in and out of committee rooms and club bars from one end of the Sound to the other all summer long, but it served its purpose. The gaps in the rule were closed.

Three years ago Luders sailed *Storm* on another foray against the rule-writers. It was his opinion then that too many boats were taking advantage of a weakness in phrasing dealing with the measurement of mainsail area. "We wanted to show that if a boat was going to be a boat, it had to have a proper mainsail," he said. To make his point, Bill sailed *Storm* out of Stamford rigged like a ketch with a mainsail no bigger than a dinghy's. It was ridiculous, but it tilted the rule. Once again the rule was changed.

Of the many other, less contentious, craft that Luders has designed within the limits of one rule or another, the best-known are probably those of the L 16 Class, whose members now number more than 200. Bill also designed the 44-foot Naval Academy yawls, the only one-design boats of their size in the world. He has drawn dozens of boats to the 5.5-meter rule, including the class champion *Bigo*, which last month won the right to represent the U.S. at the Olympics in Tokyo.

Most of Luders' boats are characterized by their line ends and graceful sheer. *Eagle's* deck is flat, but she is as free of frills, as clean and graceful as a torpedo. Her form consists basically of a fine entry, a beam carried well aft, fairly hard, flat bilges and a keel quite narrow above the lead. She is designed to move particularly well in heavy winds and big seas but, as Luders himself puts it characteristically, "I think she shows up pretty well all round."

That *Eagle* means a lot to Bill Luders is apparent to anyone who knows him well, but he himself would never put the feeling in words any stronger than that. If by any remote chance she should fail to do as well as he expects, Bill Luders would in all likelihood not say much about that. Most probably, however, he would return to the home in Stamford he shares with his lovely wife, Peg, and their grown son, Jack, retire to the barn, sit down at his xylophone and play it loud and furiously.

That's what Bill Luders does when he needs to let off steam.

END



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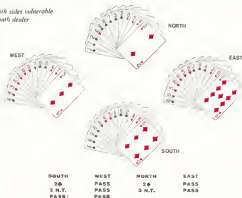
The other side of point count

The honor roll of the American Contract Bridge League—the list of top winners of master points—has a new leading lady, Mary Jane (Mrs. Jules) Farrell of Los Angeles, the personable bridge teacher who has long been rated one of the outstanding players on the Coast. Tournaments there are frequent, entry

when she took over from another partner of mine, Sally Young. It detracts nothing from Mary Jane's accession to note that Helen's record of 32 national championships still stands. Indeed, it may never be equaled.

In addition to her charm and brilliant style, Mary Jane is capable of the

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



lists are huge, and each season's master-point harvest yields a bumper crop.

Mary Jane has won seven national championships, many regional titles and virtually every prize offered on the Coast. She took the master-point lead with a spurt of 45 points at the Rocky Mountain Regional tournament in Denver over Independence Day weekend. That put her over the 5,400 mark and just ahead of the former alttime leader and my favorite partner, Mrs. Helen Sobel. Helen had been leading lady since 1947,

smooth, steady performance a top-ranked player must always deliver. At the start of her reign, it is perhaps appropriate to illustrate her skill by the deal shown above in which the opening lead was decisive. Cover all the cards except West's until you have studied the bidding and decided on the lead that promises your best chance to defeat the opponent's no trump game.

South's opening bid of two clubs was artificial, showing a strong hand. But it is not forcing to game as it was when

this bid was first introduced. Today most players agree that it is forcing only to the level of two no trump if partner's first response is the negative bid of two diamonds.

This change allows the higher no-trump opening bids to be even more precise than they were, reducing their range to two points. An opening bid of two no trump now shows 21-22 points, two clubs followed by two no trump shows 23-24; three no trump shows 25-26, two clubs followed by three no trump shows 27 or more. As you will see when you uncover the other three hands, North had more than enough to warrant going on to three no trump. Meanwhile, what would you lead from the West hand?

If you use point count as a guide only in your bidding, you are overlooking another important area in which it can be valuable: the count can also guide you in the play by telling you what your opponents are pretty sure to have and what your partner simply cannot have.

South's two-no-trump rebid makes it likely that he will hold the ace-queen of hearts. But if you are thinking of trying a waiting lead, count your points and re-consider. You have 10 points in your hand, so partner can't have much and getting him in in time to lead a heart through declarer does not look promising. An opening heart lead from you is necessary.

The standard lead, of course, is the heart jack. But in this situation there is no question who has the ace of hearts, so your hope of trapping the queen in dummy is nil. Furthermore, if partner happens to have the lone queen, all declarer has to do is duck the first trick. So your correct lead is the *king* of hearts, which enables you to defeat the contract if partner or dummy has the lone queen.

Mary Jane led the heart king. The lead smothered dummy's queen, and declarer could not make his contract. He took two diamonds, five clubs and a heart. But as soon as he led a spade, West had the spade ace and four good hearts to set the contract.

EXTRA TRICK

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END

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PART I

THE MONSTERS AND ME

BY TOMMY McDONALD

In a series of candid conversations with Senior Editor Tex Maule, the smallest man in the NFL tells of the rigors of a New Mexico boyhood, his spectacular career at Oklahoma and how both helped prepare him for his higher education in the arts of pass catching and simple survival among the behemoths of professional football



As one of the smallest men in the National Football League—now that Eddie LeBaron has retired, I guess I am the smallest regular of all—I have spent half my time plotting ways to catch passes and the other half figuring out how to stay alive. At 5 feet 9 and 175 pounds I am a mackerel among sharks. The sight of McDonald stretching out for a high one affects defensive backs the way a chunk of hoese-meat affects my poodle, Calhoun. They bite me, with relish. I have been knocked unconscious five times in my seven years of pro football, and at one time or another I have

played with a broken jaw, a shoulder separation and assorted cracked ribs.

But I have always made a point of bouncing right up after being hit. As a regular I have missed only four games. I don't like to let some big guy on the other side think he can hurt me just because I am small. If he gives me his best lick and doesn't leave me in he gets a little discouraged. I guess I simply get a kick out of proving there's a place for a runt in pro ball. I don't enjoy the punishment. I just like catching passes, and maybe helping a team win a

continued

championship, the way it worked out with the Philadelphia Eagles in 1960.

Down made I'm a peaceable man, a sentimental man I like people, and I want them to like me. I think I could even like Bill Pellington, the gentleman from the Baltimore Colts who put me to sleep for a while in my very first exhibition game in the pros, if he'd only stop trying to squash me like a beetle when he gets a piece of me. And since I have been traded to the Dallas Cowboys I hope the football fans of Dallas will take a liking to me. Having grown up in New Mexico, I consider myself a neighbor, a real friendly neighbor.

Let bygones be bygones, I say. It has been a long time since I played for Oklahoma and we beat Texas three straight years. It was a thrill for me to score five touchdowns against Texas but, now that I think back, I was pretty lucky. It was a special thrill in my senior year when I made a 53-yard reception, away out on my fingertips on the 18, and ran it over for a touchdown, but I'll forget all about it if Dallas will.

I just hope I can do the same for the Cowboys there in the Cotton Bowl—and it is only human nature to want to do well against the Eagles. It was a shock to be traded away from the Eagles after seven years—and 287 receptions for 66 touchdowns and 5,499 yards—but that's football. Anyway, I think I have learned something about playing this game—about survival, too—since I first got into it on my sixth-grade team back in Roy, N. Mex.

Home in Roy was a small farm, I liked being a farm boy. I used to get up at 5 o'clock, and the first thing I had to do was bring in the cows—that was a mile walk each way—and milk them. Then after the cows were milked, I fed the chickens and stopped the pigs and gathered the eggs. Then it was time for breakfast. After breakfast we'd run to school. It was fun. Farms are fun for kids. There's not much to do besides work, but there are lots of things to entertain you. There aren't many kids to play with, but there are horses to ride, and then we used to have a barn there in Roy that had high stacks of hay in it, and when the hay got low, my brother, C. R., and I would climb up on it and swim-dive off the top, down into the hay on the floor.

The thing I didn't like was cattle-branding time. We used to have to dehorn them, too, and when they cut the horn off the blood spurts and the calf bawls, and I used to feel sorry for them. I was supposed to help hold them down, and my size was no help then.

I would try to hold a leg or something and they would kick and throw me about 20 feet, and I would get back and try again, and they would kick me another 20 feet. My granddad used to laugh himself almost to death. That was his entertainment for the day. I liked riding our horse Billy a lot better than wrestling calves, and I still ride whenever I get a chance.

I was lucky as a kid, I guess, with all the fun I had. For example, to show you I was lucky, I caught typhoid fever just as they developed a new drug to cure it. I was one of the

first they tried it on. I was lucky my dad decided to live in Roy, and that was purely an accident. He was born in Joplin, Mo., and he had to quit school in the sixth grade. He caught a train for California and happened to get off in Roy to get something to eat, and somebody offered him a job as a mechanic in a garage, so he stayed.

If I needed a whipping, Dad would let Mother whip me. But when he really wanted to get a point over to me, he would take me out himself. He used to just grab me by one hand, and we would go in a little circle, and I would get the old strap. Dad was a part-time farmer, part-time electrician and full-time sports lover. He had been a good pitcher, and he had come close to having a tryout with the St. Louis Cardinals. His dream was for me or C. R. to be a big-league ball-player, but he was willing to settle for a good showing in any sport.

He encouraged us to run hard and play hard. C. R. and I didn't always walk or ride the mile to school in Roy; more often we ran it. Dad rigged up a spotlight so we could practice basketball at night after milking the cows. We must have gotten out the bats and balls for a thousand pepper games. Dad was proud of our athletic ability.

I was always fast. Dad did a lot of power-line troubleshooting in the towns around Roy, and during school vacations I would go along with him. People would come to stand around and gawk. Dad would strike up a conversation with somebody and, first thing you know, I would be running a race with the guy's son. "I'll bet \$5 Tommy here can beat your son." Dad would say. Then we'd get about 50 yards away and race back to the crowd. I earned Dad a nice piece of change that way.

Dad liked my speed, but he was a little worried about my size. When I was in the eighth grade he and my football coach decided to have me stay back a year to give me a chance to grow. I didn't want to, but Dad bought a motorbike for me to change my mind. It didn't make any difference. I didn't grow an inch. Size helps but it isn't everything, except maybe in a hog-growing contest. I entered one of those when I was in the Future Farmers of America. My project was to raise a prize hog. A friend sold me my pick of a litter, and out of that whole lot I picked the one that turned out to be the runt. He had speed and good moves, but the competition was for hogs the size of defensive tackles, not seatbacks.

I had better luck in sports. From the sixth grade on through high school I was a football quarterback, and I had a knack for basketball and the sprints, too. The only thing I had trouble with in high school was my studies. I wasn't blessed with too much intelligence, I guess, and competing in sports cuts your study time. After school we would work out at one sport or another until 6 or 6:30, and by the time I got home I was tired. After my high school sophomore year we moved to Albuquerque. Dad had two reasons for moving—a better job and the knowledge that college

scouts would have a better chance of seeing my brother and me. C. R. had no luck at all. In his senior year his back was broken in an automobile accident. He recovered, but that was just about the end of his sports career.

It was up to me to be the athlete. In my senior year I was fortunate enough to break the state scoring record in football with 157 points. I broke the city scoring record in basketball. In track I won five gold medals in the state meet—running the 100, the 220, the low hurdles and two relays. With a favoring wind I could occasionally do the 100 in 9.7. On a still day it was 10 flat.

More colleges were interested in me as a basketball prospect than for football or track. The only football scholarship offers I received were from Southern Methodist and New Mexico. I went to Oklahoma almost by accident. Bruce Drake, the Oklahoma basketball coach, was in Albuquerque coaching an all-star high school team. He stayed over to watch an all-star football game that I was playing in and asked me to have my parents write to Oklahoma.

Pop Ivy, then an Oklahoma assistant coach, now a scout for the football Giants, invited my parents and me to visit Norman, Okla. That is when I first met Bud Wilkinson.

They called him the Great White Father around there, but not in his presence. I was asked to take a seat in his outer office and wait. I felt like a kid with a toothache waiting to see the dentist. My hands were sweating. I was scared skinny. There I was, 5 feet 6 and 143 pounds, wondering how to impress the coach of some of the most tremendous football teams of all time.

I was finally called in, and as Mr. Wilkinson talked to me I began thinking that I might be too small for college football. I told him so. My size was against me. I didn't want to sit on the bench.

"Why, Tommy," he said, "if that's what you think you are going to do here, then that's what you are going to do. But if you make up your mind that you are going to play for Oklahoma, you'll do it. You will have to decide."

I don't know how I impressed Mr. Wilkinson, but he has never stopped impressing me. The papers at home were impressed in another way when I enrolled at Norman. They blazed me for going out of the state.

Mother had wanted me to go to Notre Dame. She wrote them a letter and sent along some press clippings. They replied that I was a mile too small. That tickles me, because in my senior year at Oklahoma we waxed Notre Dame 40-0, and I did all right.

I thought about that letter as I was walking off the field. One of the fathers came up to me. "Tommy," he said, "I want you to know that on the day we decided not to offer you a scholarship the good Lord was not with us." That made me feel real good.

It was after losing to Notre Dame in my freshman year that Oklahoma began its famous 47-game winning streak. That was the only defeat during my four years at Norman. I wasn't a receiver then, of course, but a running back and passer on the option play. I could catch the football, though,

and when I was a senior, Mr. Wilkinson gave us a passing play with me as the receiver. It was simple enough. At the snap I ran into the line of scrimmage and sort of milled around for a couple of counts, trying to get lost, and then burst out behind the defense. The play was good for six touchdowns, including that long one—and I promise not to mention it again—against Texas. Jimmy Harris, our quarterback, threw it. When I got clear of the defense and saw it coming I knew I couldn't run and keep an eye on it too. I just put my head down and took off like a New Mexico roadrunner and tried to judge when to put my hands out. I lucked out and guessed right. It came down over my head and onto my fingertips. Someone said afterward it was so far out in front of me I caught it with my fingerprints, not my fingertips.

continued



As quarterback, of Bos., N. Mex. High, Tommy was 5 feet 6 inches

In college I didn't think about playing pro ball because of my size. Then, on television, I saw Doak Walker—not a real big man—playing out on the flank for Detroit. I thought maybe I could live out there. Anyway, all of the clubs sent telegrams asking if I wanted to play, and I replied yesirree, but I couldn't believe they were serious.

I wasn't drafted until the third round by the Eagles. Before I could sign I had some preseason games to play, including the Hula Bowl in Honolulu. In those days it was a game between college and professional all-stars. It was my first taste of action against the pros. I could tell I had a lot to learn when I got hung on a hay hook.

I was playing halfback and going through the line on a little swing-pass pattern. On the farm a hay hook is a tool for moving bales of hay. In football it is the outstretched arm of a defensive player, used to reap pass receivers or ball carriers. This linebacker swung his arm up out of nowhere, and all of a sudden I had a broken nose and split lips. The flanker position, out away from the hay hooks, was looking better and better.

I was just as ignorant about talking contract terms and Billy Vessels, the great Oklahoma back who was four years ahead of me, gave me some advice. He said pick a money figure and stick to it. I picked \$12,000. Every time I talked to Vince McNally, the Eagles' general manager, I said, "Twelve and one"—\$12,000 and a one-year contract. I finally got it. These days youngsters are getting \$100,000 and more for signing, but that's life. I came along five or six years too soon.

Clarence Peaks, the Michigan State running back, was the Eagles' No. 1 draft choice that year, with Billy Barnes of Wake Forest second, me third, Sonny Jurgensen of Duke fourth and my Oklahoma quarterback, Jimmy Harris, fifth.

In the summer of 1957 I went straight to the College All-Star camp in Evanston, Ill. instead of reporting to the Eagle camp in Hershey, Pa. We had a tremendous All-Star squad. Paul Hornung and John Brodie were the quarterbacks. Among the running backs were Jimmy Brown, Don Borscier, Billy Barnes, Jon Arnett, Abe Woodson and me. Clarence Peaks was playing on defense. The flankers were Jim Podoley and Del Shofner. Jerry Tubbs was at center, Ron Kramer was one of the ends and Jim Parker one of the guards.

As it turned out, Jimmy Brown and I sat on the bench most of the game. Curley Lambeau was the All-Star coach, and Jimmy Brown and I were alternate running backs. Lambeau said we would play in the second quarter. We were supposed to alternate quarters with Barnes and Arnett. But the second quarter came and we didn't get in, and then the half came and we still hadn't been in, and Jimmy and I were fuming.

In the dressing room at half time Lambeau said, "You guys let Barnes and Arnett start again, and I'll put you in after about five minutes." What was I going to say? He was the coach. The third quarter came and went and we still

didn't get in, and then in the fourth quarter, when the Giants were kicking the straw out of us, Lambeau finally called me over and said go in and throw the option pass. It was third and 12.

As soon as I went out on the field, the Giant defense started hollering "option" because I was noted for that play. I got the ball and ran the option, and I couldn't even see a receiver for all the Giants in the way. I kept the ball and ran for minus one. I got up and started back to the huddle, and there was Arnett coming in for me.

After that experience I went to the Eagle camp feeling blue. Sonny and Jimmy and I worried plenty whether we'd survive the Eagles' cut. At the time of our last exhibition game on the coast, against the 49ers, I still didn't know. I figured if they cut me out there it would be cheaper than an earlier cut in the East, because the carfare home would be peanuts.

But I made it—and then spent the first eight league games on the bench. In the ninth, Coach Hugh Devore sent me in as a flanker. "This is it," I thought. "I either show something here or screw the whole thing up."

I was fortunate. We were playing Washington, and the defensive halfback covering me was Joe Walton. They had switched him from end to defensive back—why I'll never know, because Joe just isn't that fast. He is doing real great at end now for the Giants.

Jurgensen was our quarterback. He started out throwing to Bobby Watson on the other flank. Then he asked me, "Can you get deep on Walton?" I said, "I'll try."

Walton was playing me back about 14 yards, which gave me a big advantage on short passes. He had to play back there to have some chance on the deep ones. Well, I got behind him. Just as Sonny threw, someone hit his arm and the pass was short. Walton stopped running with me and stood waiting to intercept. I went back and circled around Walton, jumped up in front of him and caught the ball. When I came down Walton was off balance. I took off for the end zone and made the touchdown. In the same game Sonny hit me in the pocket between the zones of the Redskins' defense, and I scored another touchdown.

The sportswriters asked me afterward why I hadn't let anybody know that I could catch the football. I said, "I can't. At least I can't run patterns the way they should be run. I still have to learn how."

The skills you learn in college aren't necessarily useful in pro ball. Jimmy Harris was a terrific split T quarterback at Oklahoma. He could run the option real well. But the Eagles played Sonny because Sonny had the arm and Jimmy didn't; what the pros want is the arm. Harris became a defensive back. When it comes to throwing, there isn't an arm in the business as strong as Sonny's, except maybe Johnny Unitas—and, when he was playing, Norm Van Brocklin's.

I started the rest of my first year, but didn't learn a great deal. Then, the following year, the Eagles signed the man who taught me what the game is all about.

Dutch Van Brocklin wasn't the most diplomatic guy in the world. He was friendly over a cup of coffee, but a hard man on the field. The first time I worked with him in practice and came back after running a pattern he just stared at me for a minute. Then he said, "McDonald, you're terrible. You may be the worst I ever saw. You need more than help. You may need donations." Funny man, Van Brocklin.

Dutch was working with all of us. He actually taught Pete Retzlaff how to catch a football. He made Pete work at receiving the ball in every conceivable position, and today Pete's a fine receiver with good hands.

We had to get used to the way Dutch threw. There was a big difference between his delivery and Sonny's. He threw a soft ball, Sonny threw hard. In that way Sonny is like Unitas and Bobby Layne and John Brodie and Billy Wade. Passers like Van Brocklin would be Eddie LeBaron, Y. A. Tittle and Otto Graham.

We were not a top team that year or the next, but we were developing that spirit, cohesion, togetherness—call it what you like—which can make a so-so team a lot better than it looks on paper. In camp one day in 1959 I was in the whirlpool bath and a frieman shoved my head under just for laughs. He weighed 280; I wasn't strong enough to shove his hand away. He didn't know that I could hold my breath a long time—something like two and a half minutes. I stayed under a couple of minutes, then let a little air out. When he saw the bubbles coming up he panicked. He grabbed me by the hair and hauled me out. I leaned over, real limp, and he hollered, "Tommy, speak to me!" It scared hell out of him, but everybody else had a good laugh.

Things like that pulled the club closer together. On the field I was getting a book on the defensive backs. I was learning that a good many of them talk to you and try to distract you. Some would give me the needle. Others would help me up after tackling me and say, "Nice catch, but don't work so hard."

The roughest back for me, whether he speaks or not, is Night Train Lane of the Lions. He's a wonderful guy personally and I like him, but he has so much speed you need five or six seconds to throw enough moves into him to get away—and you almost never get that much time. He plays you up close, maybe six yards away. Any time a back can play you that tight, you're in trouble. It means he has as much speed as you do, or more, on the deep passes, and is taking away the short ones. He can't afford to make many mistakes, playing in that close, but Night Train has so much speed he can outrun his mistakes. He is tall, too, and can jump like a jackrabbit.

When I am playing against the Giants and Ernie Barnes is covering me, he will give me anything up front to make sure I don't get the long bomb on him. But when you catch one up front, he'll come in and really try to rack you up, figuring if he can sting you a little you won't want to

catch the ball so much next time. You will be aware of him.

Johnny Sample, with the Redskins now, has real good speed, but he is not as tall as Barnes or Night Train Lane, and he will try to play you real short. He knows he can run with you, and he will depend on his speed to stay with you wherever you go.

Jerry Stovall of the Cards is a speedball, and so is Roosevelt Taylor of the Bears. They haven't been around as long as Night Train, though. You can do things to them that you can't do to him. Most of the defensive backs are fast, of course. A few aren't. Tom Brookshier, when he was with the Eagles, was one of the most amazing. If the receivers had known how slow he really was! But Tomcut was probably the best defensive back the Eagles ever had. He was tough. He really worked on the receivers. Just as the ball was snapped, he liked to sneak up and belt an end to mess up his pattern. After he's had a few of those belts an end starts to look for them. It takes something away, to put it mildly.

At first, I didn't have anything you could call a pattern to disrupt. My style was to go out full speed and grab. The first thing Van Brocklin taught me was that you must be an actor. "Tom Fears and Elroy Hirsch were actors," he said. "They would come out of the huddle on a pass play looking poor mouth, as if they never expected the ball to come within a mile of them."

He knew what he was talking about. When your number is called you have to go out there with your eyes blank and make the halfback look at you and think, "It's a running play this time: this guy is looking to go downfield and get a block." Then when you move out you go at half speed, then turn it on, then slow up, turn it on, slow up, turn it on. You never blast off full speed because that alerts the defensive back. Or, if the ball is not coming to you, you can't just stand up. That tells your back the play is going the other way and frees him to help out over there.

I think this is something that hurts Bobby Mitchell of the Redskins. If he doesn't go hard, you know he's not going to get the ball.

Pete and Bobby Watson and I worked with Van before practice most of the time, because after practice you are too tired to absorb very much. We would go over all the moves: outs, corners, posts, hooks, pitch-outs, centers, crosses—everything. When we made mistakes Van would run the patterns himself. He wasn't fast, but watching him you could visualize what he wanted against every back you would be in against.

Speed got me to the Eagles, and now I was discovering that speed was my biggest problem. I was trying to use too much of it too often. Van taught me that you only go full throttle when you have gotten behind the defender. Otherwise you want to move at half speed or three-quarter speed and be certain your jukes are under control.

Van also taught me to concentrate. When he called a play with me as a receiver I would go out on the flank thinking,

—continued

"Am I giving it away? Do my eyes look tingly? Have I got a smile on my face because I know the ball is coming to me? I'd better catch it when it comes, too, or else." You hear about players getting butterflies before a game. I got butterflies every time Van called a long pass to me.

The hardest patterns for me to learn were an out, then a corner, then a zig-out, where you run a kind of double out. You want to deceive the back into thinking you are going to run an out, where you break to the sideline. Then you turn upfield, and as soon as he is running hard with you, you cut to the sideline again. It's a hard pattern. One of the best at it was Billy Howton when he was with the Cowboys.

The footwork is tricky, and knowing exactly how fast to

go and at the same time sensing whether the back is taking your bait adds to the difficulty. You don't learn it in college. It takes two or three years in the pros just to get onto the little technical things. They talk about hearing footsteps—meaning a back coming up to hit you just as you catch a pass—but those footsteps can mean different things. You must be able to judge how far away the back is without looking at him. If he is running with you, you can cut a pattern off sharp. If he is not with you and you cut it sharp anyway, he'll be right in there for the ball.

The pros do not waste time on fundamental maneuvers. If you can't execute them, forget pro ball. When they have a defensive-line scrimmage they are only interested in finding out which lineman can get to the quarterback quickest or which offensive lineman can hold the defender out best.

In Van Brocklin's finishing school I learned to experiment with the back keyed on me whether I was going to catch the ball or not. I won't over the things I saw in the game films. Maybe that week he was covering to the inside. What do I do if he plays me head up or to the outside? He might play farther back or closer in. Or, with the kind of two-man coverage I get most of the time, the corner back might play me close and to the outside to take away the outs and the hitch-outs, and then again it might be inside for the hooks and slants. What if the corner linebacker helps him inside? I learned that if I got past those two the safety would likely be waiting for me, looking for a post or a corner or a cross, which would be the only patterns left to run. I would be past the point of no return on the others.

Double coverage is murder. The quarterback has to have the arm and the confidence to really pop the ball in there, and he has to be gambler enough to take the chance in the first place. The odds favor interception when he throws to a receiver covered by two men. But if the quarterback is not willing to take that chance the receiver being doubled winds up with nothing for the day. I was lucky, with the Eagles in having two quarterbacks, Jurgensen and Van Brocklin, who were willing to take the risk. On the short ones they would fire the ball in, and on the long ones they were willing to try hitting between the short and long defenders. Completing the long pass takes talent. The ball has to come to the receiver just as he has cleared the short man and just before he gets to the sector where the deep man will pick him up. If the quarterback throws too soon, the short man intercepts. If he throws late, the long man gets it.

Last year Sonny was hurt, and his replacement, King Hill, didn't have the feeling for that kind of pass. He had a few interceptions and stopped throwing into double coverage. I was used as a decoy quite a bit last year and for that reason caught only 41 passes myself.

There is a lot of noise on the field, some of it made by me. If I think I can confuse the backs by yelling something, I sound off. Say there is a switching man-to-man defense, with one back taking you part way—inside or out or short or deep—and then dropping off to pick up another receiver. I always holler, "Switch," as I start downfield, because



At home in suburban Philadelphia Tamm roughhouses with Calhoun. Tamm and his wife, Peg (right), have a daughter, Sherri.

that is what they call to one another. Deceive them and they might leave you all alone or drop one of the other receivers. Naturally, this works best on rookies.

The Eagles didn't worry anybody with their running game, which made it possible for other teams to double up on our receivers—the usual way with the corner back and the safety, or with a linebacker and the corner man.

A linebacker playing you head on costs you a second and a half. I figure you have to have four to five seconds to throw in all the fakes you can on the defensive back, because the quarterback normally has that much time to throw and no more. If a linebacker takes a second and a half, you have two to three and a half seconds left. That's not enough against Night Train or any of the good ones.

Outweighing me by 50 pounds on the average, the linebackers can lean on me hard. Occasionally, I can get away quickly with a head fake. More often I can't. The roughest linebacker for me is Galen Fiss of the Browns. Dan Currie of the Packers is almost as tough.

Some people argue that the receiver has the advantage in his duels with the various defenders. I disagree. The defender has only three things to think about. First, staying with you after you have made your break. Second, butting the ball down. Third, intercepting if he has that kind of a shot at the ball.

Receivers, first of all, have to think out a pattern. Then we have to hope that the offensive line is keeping the big boys on defense off the quarterback's neck long enough for him to get the ball away. Then there is the matter of catching the ball and hanging onto it while a defender is trying to rearrange your ribs.

Snow and rain do not help the receiver, despite what you might hear to the contrary. We have to break our patterns off crisply. We do not run banana-shaped patterns. When we plant a foot on a wet field we are just as likely to slip as the defensive back. And catching the ball on a rainy or snowy day is like fielding a 10-pound shot. The leather gets soaked, and the ball gets heavy. Unless you have considerable strength and really squeeze the ball you are not going to hold it. In freezing weather we can count on some knee and elbow damage from the hard ground.

I can't explain exactly how I catch passes. Some people are born with the knack, while others couldn't catch the ball if it had handles. I was blessed with the hands for it, and I have developed a lot of little ways of making the catches surer. It isn't necessary, to my mind, to have big, superstrong hands. My hands are no larger than my wife's, and I wouldn't say hers are large for a woman. At Oklahoma, passing on the option play, I wasn't able to take a normal grip on the ball because of the smallness of my hands. I had to hold it out at the end and flip it sideways. And I have played for years without the tip of my left thumb. I lost it in an accident with that motorbike Dad gave me. Some receivers squeeze rubber balls or chunks of

clay to increase the strength of their hands. I don't. Strength isn't as important as sensitivity.

You have heard of safecrackers who sandpaper the tips of their fingers to develop supersensitivity. Well, I do some of the same thing. Before a game I rub my fingertips against something rough, like an unfinished concrete wall, to make them tingle. I also bite my nails—not from nervousness but to get the blood in my fingertips circulating better. Playing basketball helps pass catching. You handle the basketball out on your fingertips, too.

I have learned to play in short sleeves no matter what the weather and in spite of bone chips from taking falls on unprotected elbows. Sensitivity again. The bare skin of the arms is sensitive; jersey sleeves are not. When the ball comes in and hits skin your reaction is immediate, your judgment is improved and most likely you can hold the ball. It is like the difference between catching the ball wearing gloves and catching barehanded. With a pair of gloves on, you can't catch a thing.

I have another reason for not wearing long sleeves. See how far you can reach in a suit coat. The sleeves bind you in the shoulders. A long jersey bends so much that it takes an inch or two from my reach, which would mean a lot of passes dropped that could be caught.

In the matter of physical survival, the biggest thing I have learned is not to struggle with the big boys. Whichever way a tackler wants to take me is the way I am perfectly happy to go. I fall like 175 pounds of spaghetti.

Unfortunately, that technique is not foolproof. In 1959, for example, my jaw was broken when a defensive halfback rapped me from the blind side as I was running a pattern. By the time it healed I had played six games. I couldn't risk having my jaw wired. It wouldn't have taken a very hard knock to cut my mouth to pieces. So it was soup through a straw for six weeks.

At my weight I can't afford to be a cream puff. The time Bill Pellington knocked me out I came to while a couple of players were walking me to the sidelines. They told me later that I had been singing the Oklahoma fight song, *Boomer Sooner*. Maybe I was. I have always had great admiration for Mr. Wilkinson. What really bothered me was that it was only my first pro game. Some people were already saying that I had made All-America only because I played for a great Oklahoma team. Now they would be saying the Eagles had drafted a man with a glass jaw. I didn't want that kind of talk to start. I got back into the game after missing four plays and played the rest of it.

In 1960 I was still alive and beginning to understand how to play the flanker position. That was the year we won the championship, but as the season started none of us suspected what was coming.

NEXT WEEK

In Part II, Tommy McDonald tells the story of a championship season, discusses such pro stratagems as blitzes, audibles and pickoffs, and analyzes his new deal in Dallas.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE Umpire Lee Weyer is a big man (6 foot 6, 235 pounds), and in a Sunday game between HOUSTON (3-5) and SAN FRANCISCO (1-6) he decided to throw his weight around. The trouble started when Giant Reliever Billy O'Dell, the first of three men Weyer would eject, entered the game in the seventh inning. O'Dell never got to throw a pitch. While he was warming up, Weyer told the Giants' pitcher he had three more practice throws left. O'Dell took this as a cue to begin mimicking Weyer's orders. Weyer promptly threw O'Dell out as a bad actor. The Giants went on to lose that game and five more, and by week's end Weyer's appraisal of O'Dell's performance fit the whole team. San Francisco's pitching was a bomb (35 runs given up), but the lack of clutch hitting was what really stopped the show as the Giants left 64 men on base. The ninth-place Colts gained all three of their wins against San Francisco, which slipped back to second after four days in first place. The Giants' losing ways gave the PHILADELPHIA Phillies (3-5) just the chance they needed to open up a big lead, but the Phils failed to cash in. Batting only .226, they were held to three runs or less in five games, with rookie Third Baseman Richie Allen (.179 average, six errors) leading the fall. While the top teams faltered, those in the middle of the league standings picked up ground with winning records. The MILWAUKEE Braves (5-2) lost only when Warren Spahn pitched, and moved within seven games of first by sweeping three from the Giants. Although they only equaled their opponents' scoring, 54-54, the ST. LOUIS Cardinals still won five of seven. Manager Johnny Keane needed 23 pitchers as his staff failed to come up with a complete game, but the hitting was very strong, particularly against the Mets, when the Cards scored 11 runs in one inning, including three

consecutive home runs. With a .298 team batting average and 49 runs scored, the LOS ANGELES Dodgers (5-3) showed their appreciation of tight pitching by Phil Oesteg, Larry Miller and Joe Moele, and the combination led to three victories. Pete Rose hit .500, and reserve Outfielder Marty Keough (.406 BA) won two games, one with a homer, the other with heads-up base running as the CINCINNATI Reds (5-3) moved solidly into third, just 3½ games out of first. The CHICAGO Cubs (5-3) won four straight complete-game victories, including Ernie Broglio's first win since being traded from the Cardinals in early June, but still could not move above eighth place. The PITTSBURGH Pirates (3-3) received impressive pitching from Bob Veale (2 wins) and Bob Friend, who shut out the Phillies, but fell to fourth place when 14 other pitchers were ineffective in the three losses. The NEW YORK Mets (2-5) swept their first doubleheader in a year to start the week but then lost five straight while allowing 11 unearned runs that were directly responsible for three of the defeats.

AMERICAN LEAGUE It is no secret why the CHICAGO White Sox have remained among the American League pennant contenders, and last week the answer was as obvious as ever—pitching. With Gury Peters and John Buzhardt winning twice, the Chicago staff maintained a tight 2.98 ERA for the season. It is also no secret why the Sox are not at first place—no hitting. They rank seventh in batting and ninth in home runs. The Chicago (6-2) hitters broke loose last week, however, and the White Sox moved within 1½ games of first. They had 11 homers (their season total is only 64) and batted .293 (season average .246), but the front office was not content to stand pat. Chicago traded for right-handed

power and got it in big Moose Skowron, who stepped into the lineup and hit .455. As abruptly as Chicago began hitting, the MINNESOTA Twins, hardest-hitting team in baseball, stopped. The Twins scored only 16 runs while losing six of seven, five of them by one run. Minnesota hit just .219, more than 40 points below its season's average. The LOS ANGELES Angels (6-1) had both strong pitching and timely hitting. Right-hander Fred Newman won twice, 2-1 and 1-0, and Jimmy Piersall, Bob Rodgers and Jim Fregosi delivered game-winning hits in the ninth or in extra innings. The BOSTON Red Sox (5-3) relied mainly on their hitting to win. While Pitcher Bill Mossbough rediscovered his 20-win form of last year with two shutouts over the Senators, slugging Dick Stuart was the big man, with six of the Red Sox's 16 homers, a .355 batting average and 14 RBIs. The DETROIT Tigers (4-5) scored no more than four runs in any game and were shut out twice after winning three straight by 4-3 scores. Don Demeter hit all four of the Tigers' homers. The CLEVELAND Indians (3-6) hit often with power (10 HRs, including four by Leon Wagner), but remained in eighth place because of poor pitching. They finally did beat the Yankees, for the first time in 10 games this year, taking 15 innings to do it on a triple by Rookie Bob Chance. The KANSAS CITY Athletics (3-6) also hit with power (12 HRs) and also were bothered by shoddy pitching, as only Ted Bowsfield, a two-time winner, and Reliever Wes Stock, who won his 12th straight since July 1962, were effective. The WASHINGTON Senators (3-5) were shut out three times and fell back into the cellar after a brief visit to ninth place. The NEW YORK Yankees (4-2) and the BALTIMORE Orioles (4-5) were in and out of first as the pennant race tightened to a three-team tangle (see page 16).



RON FAIRLY: KNOCK IN THE DOLLARS

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

First Baseman Ron Fairly of the Los Angeles Dodgers is usually called a money player. When Fairly hits, something he does in unpredictable fits and starts, he likes to do it with men on base. Although Fairly was playing semipro baseball at the age of 11, he did not really appreciate the significance of what he was doing until a 1955 conversation with Carl Furillo. "When you look at those base runners," Furillo told the \$75,000 born-again baby, "forget that they're men. Each one is a dollar sign. The more dollars you knock in, the more money it'll put in your pocket." Last season Fairly could have taught his old mentor a few things about men-on-base hitting. The southern Cal-

ifornia redoubt hit only .212 with the bases empty but .341 with men on and filled a key role in the Dodgers' pennant-winning drive. This year the Dodgers were hitting to stay out of the cellar over the last two months of the season and Fairly was hitting at subreplacement level. .219. Last Friday they moved over the .500 mark for the first time since Opening Day, with Ron Fairly leading the surge. Since mid-June he has turned around two of the numbers in his average to lead .291, and has been knocking in a run a game. Last week, as the Dodgers appeared ready for a run at the top, Fairly averaged .393 and had 11 of the Dodgers' 44 RBIs, including a game-winning home run against the Cubs that came, strangely enough, with the bases empty.



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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Excludes taxes and dealer fees. F.O.B. West Coast. F.O.B. price for the 1800S is \$3995. Dealer price may vary. © 1974 Volvo Cars of North America, Inc.



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEN AND BOYS

Sirs:

The Vesper Boat Club coach, the MIT coach and you omnipotent sportswriters all claim that Vesper's victory over the nation's finest collegiate crew (Harvard) and the two runners-up (Cal and Yale) heralds a demise of collegiate rowing and a new era of club domination (*Amateur Boat Club*, July 20). Probably it simply means the undergraduates—who have not, at 21 or younger, reached full potential—no longer will represent the U.S. in Olympic rowing. But it may also mean the demise of club rowing. The college crews might well decide in 1968 to put together boats made up of their heaviest and best undergraduates plus their best alumni oars. I would suspect that Harry Parker of Harvard could put together a boat today of Harvard undergraduates and alumni that would sink Vesper handily. The same could be true of the other rowing powers. After all, there were two Elns in the Vesper boat.

In any case, I got carried away. Let the Vesper "boys" paddle to Tokyo for their well-deserved row. But don't rule the colleges out. They'll be back in 1968—under different colors, if they're smart.

BARTLEY F. MASON

Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

In your coverage of the Henley Regatta (For THE RECORD, July 13) you acknowledged the victories of the U.S.S.R.'s Lithuanian crew and America's Seymour Cromwell, but what about Washington-Lee High School of Arlington, Va. and its victory in the Princess Elizabeth Cup?

Previously the Princess Elizabeth Cup category of the regatta was open only to English school crews. This year four American crews were entered with the eventual winner being Washington-Lee—the first public American high school to win a Henley cup race.

Washington-Lee has also won or tied for the national championship of high school rowing for the last eight years, and this was its fourth win at the Henley. In '58, '60 and '62 Washington-Lee rowed in the Thames Cup races.

BRIAN O'DONNELL

Arlington, Va.

TENDER MAULING

Sirs:

Up until now you have consistently defended the sport of boxing against the threat

of abolishment. But Tex Maule contradicts the logic behind your argument when he belittles Floyd Patterson for his lack of savagery in the ring (*Still Too Tender to Be a Tiger*, July 13). Your columns have advocated boxing as a bona fide sport involving two well-conditioned men who belabor each other not for the sheer pleasure of inflicting permanent injury but simply to win. Yet Maule is upset because two heavyweights are still standing as the final bell sounds, and one of the fighters, who was in complete command the entire bout, shows compassion for his thoroughly beaten opponent and fails to smash him to the canvas. Certainly the survival of boxing does not rest on this premise. Tex would have been better off covering the gladiator spectacles in ancient Rome.

KRIS HOLT

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sirs:

It is unfortunate that boxing, as well as pro football, must endure the nearsighted opinions of Tex Maule. He seems to find it difficult to understand Patterson's desire to fight Clay and Lisson and claims that not even Floyd can adequately explain why. Well, you can bet that Floyd has an explanation, but he won't tell you because he knows that his words will be distorted and indicated by the strident reports of sportswriters.

FREDERICK

Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

Nat Flescher announced that Floyd Patterson moved from No. 1 challenger to No. 2 by outpointing a man who should not even have been listed in the top 10. The only way to really determine the No. 2 contender is to have a round robin among Williams, Jones, Patterson and Folley, who have all proved themselves worthy of the No. 2 position. This has often been discussed, but it looks like it will never come off. Clew Williams could KO the lot, but they all deserve a chance.

CRAG LEBER

Houston

CAPITAL DEFENSE

Sirs:

Anyone who says (as did Messrs. Moore and Morrow, 19TH HOLE, July 13) that Oregon is the track capital of the U.S. is badly mistaken. Granted, Oregon has some fine track and field athletes, but this is a relatively

continued



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TOM McCAHILL SAYS: Copper takes the heat out of braking

The brake lining tests recently conducted under NASCAR supervision at Daytona International Speedway proved one thing every motorist should know.

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Tom McCahill

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10TH HOLE

recent situation, within the last five years or so, California has been producing topflight track and field athletes for a couple of decades, at least. No other state has produced such an abundance of fine talent. Look at the representative Int. of supposed Oregonians drawn up by Moore and Morrow: Ray Van Astor is from Sweden, by way of California; Vic Reece and Harry Jerome are from Canada, Archie San Romani Jr. is from Kansas; and Morgan Greth, Paul Stuber, Otis Davis, Jan Underwood and Dale Stacey are all from the track and field capital of the world—California!

Den Lockhart

Los Angeles

BY GARY

Sirs:

Congratulations for your fine issue on tennis (July 13). Bill Talbert pointed out some things to me that I never realized about net play, and special congratulations should go to Gilbert Rogin for his excellent story on Gardner Mulloy.

I have always admired Gary's ability to say and do as he thinks. When he sees something wrong in tennis, he has courage enough to come out and say what he feels. For this I have great respect.

Jim Riggs

Moorestown, Calif.

Sirs:

I have long felt that tennis would be greatly improved if the USLTA got rid of its prima donna, we-can-do-no-wrong attitude and eliminated many of the old-fashioned rules and illogicals that govern the game. Why cheering by spectators during the action should not be allowed in this sport, and in golf also, the way it is for all other sports is beyond my imagination. Tennis and golf players face no more pressure than baseball, football, basketball or hockey players do, so why give them this special kind of silent treatment?

It is heartening to find that Gardner Mulloy is not afraid to speak his mind on what he believes. If more tennis players had the fortitude to do so and didn't tremble and bow to every whim of the USLTA, tennis would be much better off.

Edward N. Foote

Oakmont, Pa.

Sirs:

I started playing this captivating game at the age of 29. I wish I had started at 9 or 19. For conditioning, enjoyment, relaxation and girl-watching no recreational sport offers more than tennis.

Once a confirmed bachelor, I met my tennis-playing wife on the courts of the Denver Tennis Club, and it was love at first sight.

Art Knott

Denver

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